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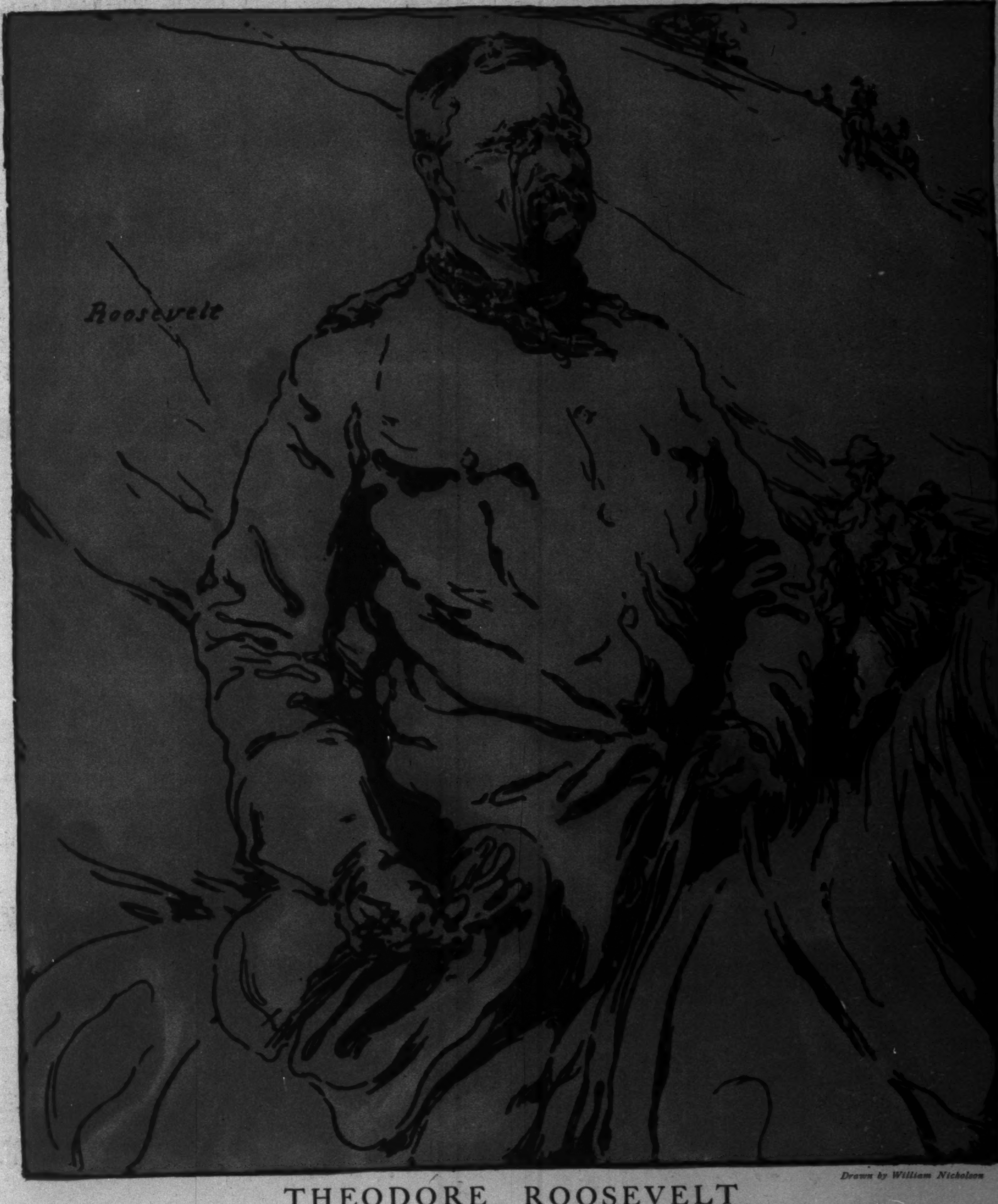
HARPER'S WEEKLY

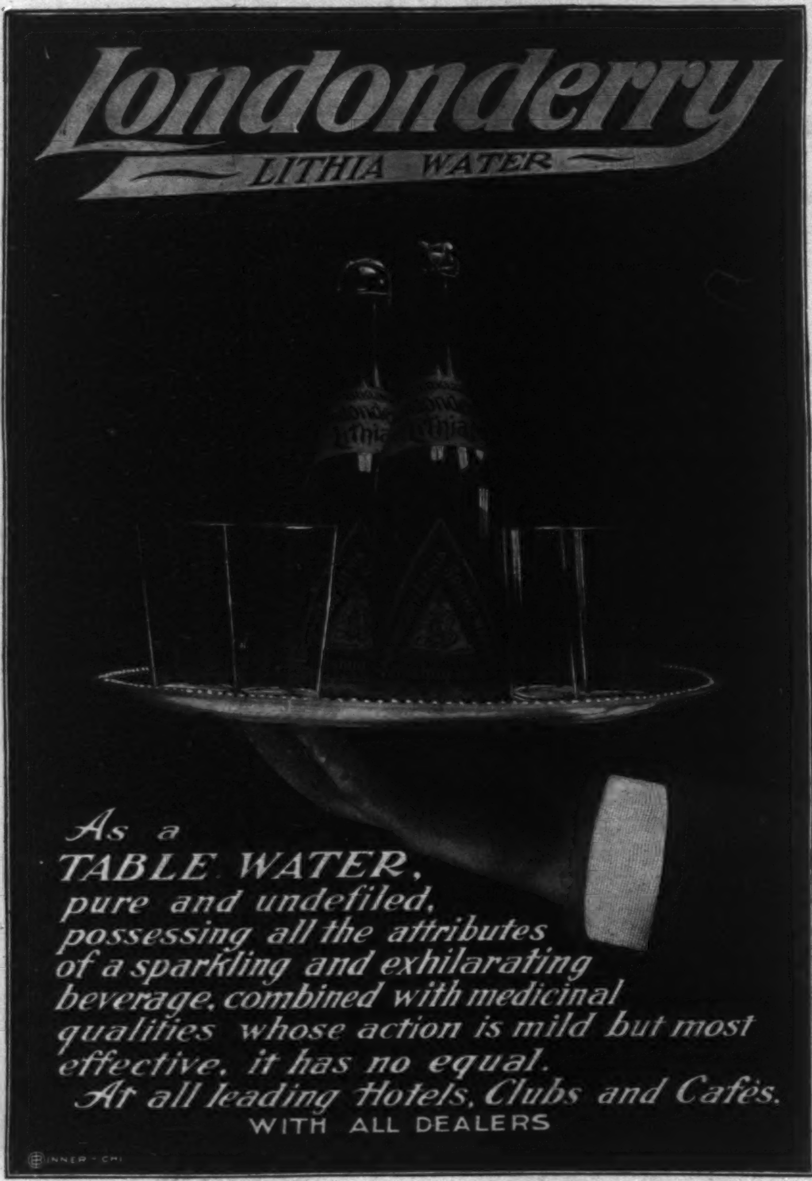
A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK SEPTEMBER 29 : 1900



Drawn by William Nicholson

THEODORE ROOSEVELT



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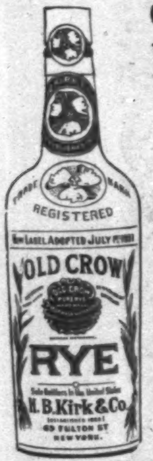

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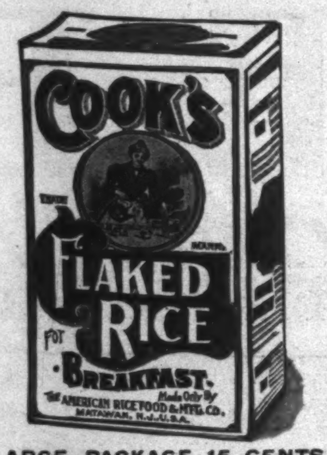

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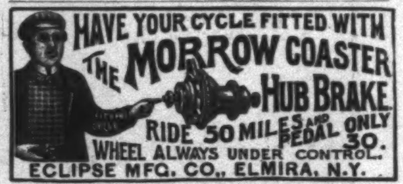

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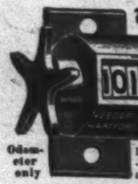

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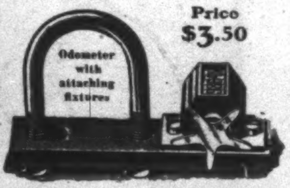

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Sept. 29 1900

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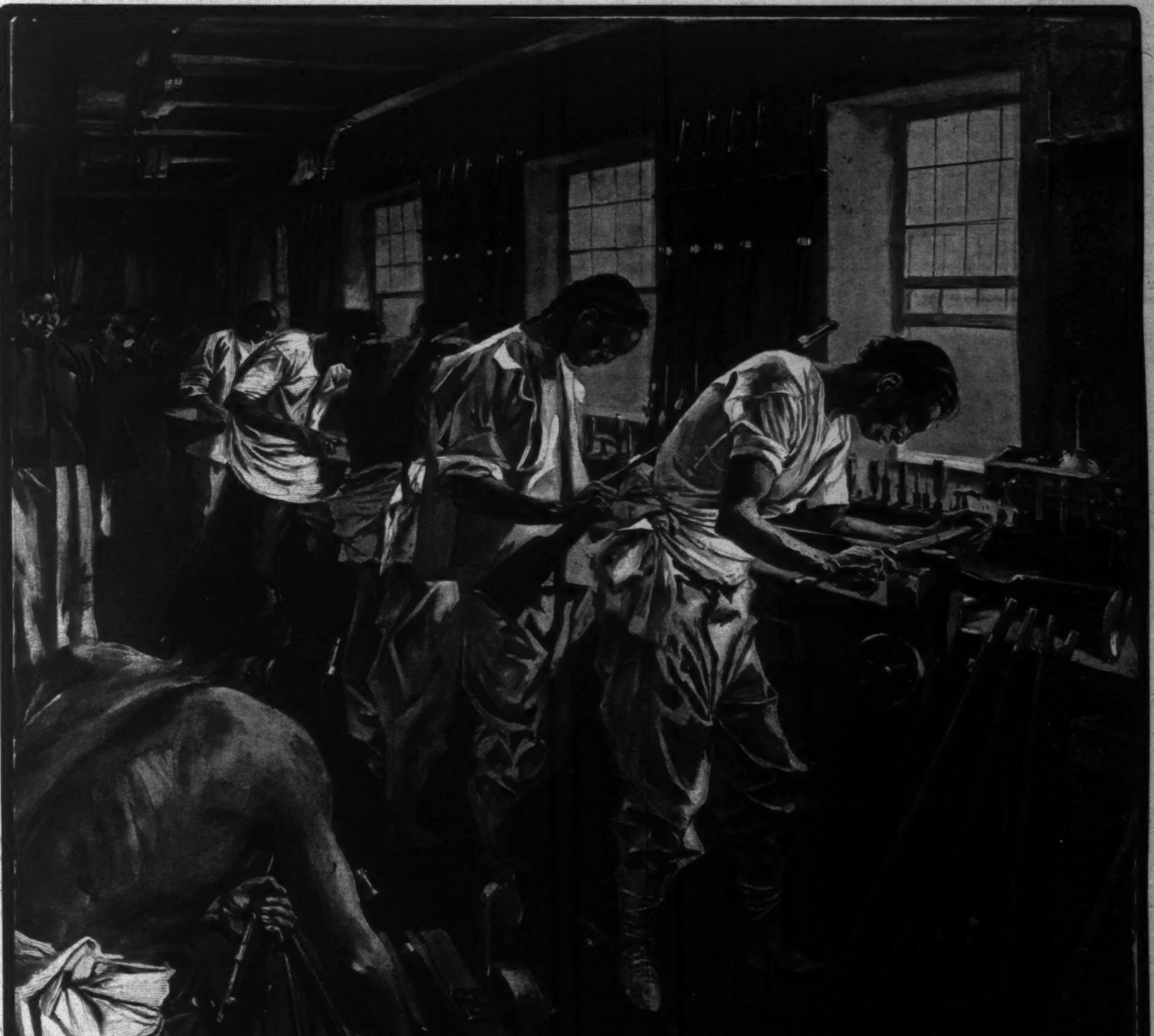

A WORKSHOP OF THE CHINESE ARSENAL AT SHANGHAI.

HARPER'S
WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1900

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The Strike Situation

AS to the general merits of the strike among the coal-miners, which at this writing has assumed formidable proportions, there is much perplexity. As will be seen from a reference to an article upon the subject printed in another column of this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY, prepared for us after a special investigation of the situation by a reliable correspondent, there are beyond all question grievances upon which a large number of the miners are justified in making a firm stand against their principals. The story as it is told is not altogether pleasant reading, and it is inevitable that the facts presented must arouse in the breast of any compassionate man a deep feeling of sympathy, if not of actual resentment against those who are responsible, for those who suffer. On the other hand, however deeply we may feel for those who for reasons beyond their control are in adversity, we must be careful before approving the course of the organization in ordering a general strike at this time, or indeed at any other, which must result in awful distress in the immediate future. Apart from the political aspect of the situation, which has served to give a taint of insincerity to the movement, and to place certain of the leaders under grave suspicion of playing fast and loose with great human interests for the benefit of designing politicians, there comes in the question of comparative suffering. Can any organization find justification for spreading misery and suffering throughout the whole land, in compelling the withdrawal from well-rewarded occupation of thousands of wage-earners who have no grievances against their employers, and upon whose daily efforts the welfare and health of thousands of others, women and children, vitally depend? We sometimes wonder if the men to whose hands are intrusted the interests of labor in this country realize the gravity of their responsibility—whether or not they count the cost which their acts inflict not only upon themselves, but upon thousands of others with whose lives and happiness superficially they appear to have no concern. We have in the coal strike a precise case in point. Mr. MITCHELL'S insistence upon making the strike general instead of dealing directly with the real oppressors of the real sufferers is something for which he will find little justification. It is but a reiteration of Mr. POWDERLY'S "axiom" that the "injury of one is the concern of all," an aphorism that cannot appeal with any degree of convincing force to the mind that thinks for itself. We should like to see the reception Mr. MITCHELL would receive, for instance, at the hands of a wage-earner supporting a wife and a child and daily growing more and more hopeful of some day bettering his condition in life, if in an unofficial capacity, unsupported by a powerful organization, he were to say to him that the wife and the child must go hungry, and the hopes for the future must be dashed forever to the ground, because some other man miles away had a grievance against his employer. There can be no doubt of what that thrifty laborer would say to Mr. MITCHELL. There can be no question of what he would do to Mr. MITCHELL were Mr. MITCHELL to insist upon his point. No one questions the right of labor to organize; no one questions the value of labor organizations, well conducted, by means of which the toiling masses may secure such assistance in trouble and such immunity from oppression as is their clear and undisputed right. But it would seem that the granting of a power so great to a single man, or to a small committee, that he, or they, can arbitrarily order contented and prosperous men to throw away their content and to destroy their prosperity, and, furthermore, to break faith with employers who have always treated them fairly and squarely, is a mistake involving a slavery worse than any that lies in the power of any trust to inflict upon a free and independent human being.

We are not prepared at this moment to take sides with either of the parties in this present conflict. Wrongs there are which should be righted. It is no crime for the representatives of the sufferers to insist upon their rectification, but in advising a general strike, in compelling contented and well-paid men to face a winter of idleness and poverty, in requiring satisfied laborers to break faith with employers who have never broken faith with them and who have treated them even generously, Mr. MITCHELL and those behind him have taken upon their shoulders an appalling responsibility which no ordinary man would care to assume unless he were absolutely convinced of the justice of his cause.

Mr. Bryan's Letter

MR. BRYAN'S letter of acceptance is now before the public, and an interesting bit of expansion it is. As a diffuse reiteration of the extraordinary principles of the Kansas City platform it is a conspicuous success. What the platform says in few words, Mr. BRYAN repeats in many, and as an instrument for the promotion of Republican success at the polls in November his letter is second only, in importance, to the letter of President McKINLEY, referred to in the columns of this periodical last week. As we have already shown, the Democratic platform, the essence of the party faith, when presented in its most compact form, was of a peculiarly thin quality. Diluted by Mr. BRYAN it is not by any manner of means strengthened, although long years of experience as a newspaper reporter and stump speaker have made Mr. BRYAN most adroit in the gentle art of padding. Granting, however, that the principles enunciated at Kansas City needed to be presented with a greater display of verbal fireworks, no one can complain of the results of Mr. BRYAN'S labors.

Of course, the letter is not a convincing document. Its author with his pen is not a convincing man, and if he really hopes to be elected President of the United States he would have been wiser not to have written it. Spoken in the presence of ten or twenty thousand people, upon whose passing emotions he could play with the fire of his eloquence, whose enthusiasms would respond to the magnetic quality of his own personality, the letter might have been far more effective. It requires a surcharged atmosphere to change vain utterance into pregnant argument. Lying cold and bare before the eye of the reader, in the uncompromising, uninspiring type of the daily newspaper, it is weak and colorless, unmoving, unconvincing, and, unfortunately for the hopes of the candidate, but makes more apparent than ever the insincerity, the sham, the hypocrisy of his cause.

Mr. McKINLEY'S letter was an achievement in statesmanship.

Mr. BRYAN'S is not even a success in politics.

The Populistic candidate may be able to hypnotize a large number of the American people. That he will ever be able to appeal to the sober judgment of the country seems impossible to believe.

"Some Features of the Letter"

IN his treatment of the silver question the best that can be said of Mr. BRYAN is that he has the courage of his convictions. He stands precisely where he stood in 1896, as the advocate of a debased currency, in spite of the fact that he was buried beneath an avalanche of contempt four years ago. He brings to the question no new argument, contenting himself with a reiteration of the old shallow and specious reasons for free coinage that were worn threadbare in the last Presidential campaign. The punishment he received in '96 has taught him nothing, and this errant child of fortune stands ready once more to play with fire.

The new friend of Messrs. OLNEY and SCHURZ then proceeds to exploit the virtues of the free riot and scuttled Supreme Court plans through which four years ago he made his appeal to the passion, ignorance, and class hatred of the country, and which, if our memory serves, his present champions once found unfit and incompatible with a sense of honor. He quotes BLACKSTONE as glibly as a Sophomore might in support of his policy involving the destruction of the law's integrity. This is an achievement in a way. We do not believe that any other than WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN could have done such a thing.

For their doses of Anti-Imperialism Mr. BRYAN refers the readers of his letter back to his notification speech. Events have not changed his mind in respect to this. Precise knowledge of the situation, which he now has—or ought to have, for it is readily available—has failed to show him how foolish and shallow is this bogie of his own building! He insists upon Militarism; he insists upon Imperialism; he remains loyal to the cause of the enemies of his country, who are now shooting down American soldiers in the Philippine Islands. He rises superior to facts, and, like the modest, unassuming private citizen he is, he cries aloud from the house-tops that because WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN says Imperialism exists, therefore Imperialism is, be the facts what they may. A Czar himself could take no higher stand.

Altogether the letter is curious. It proves nothing that Mr. BRYAN set out to prove, but it is convincing in an important particular:

It demonstrates that Mr. BRYAN belongs to the order of the Unteachable, and it is sadly true, as one of his semi-supporters, the *Evening Post*, has said, that his language "is not the language of statesmanship, but rather that of a candidate who is not very particular what he says, if it will bring him the support of unthinking voters."

The Treatment of Heroes

FOR their own sake as well as for the sake of the public, it would be well if all heroes could be sent into retirement for at least a year following the achievements which place the laurel upon their brow. What peculiar quality of the American climate it is that makes it impossible for a hero to last very long in this country we are not aware. That few who remain alive are sufficiently hardy to brave the fierce storm of adulation which breaks upon them at first, and is so often followed by the bitter blast of envy, hatred, and malice, to which they are by the very loftiness of their altitude exposed, has been made more than ever clear in the past twelve months. When we think of the DEWEY of a year ago and the DEWEY of to-day, our hearts go out to him in sympathy for the sudden and summary lowering of the pedestal upon which he once stood. When we hark back two years and think upon a gallant act at the entrance to Santiago Harbor, greeted by an outburst of popular acclaim which has hardly ever before greeted a mere lad, and then consider the present estate of the hero of the *Merrimac*, we must confess that we are much saddened thereby. It would not be fitting to paraphrase the famous remark of SHERIDAN apropos of the Indian, to meet the situation. We do not believe that the only good hero is the dead hero, but we do believe, as we have already stated, that the hero for his own sake should be sequestrated for a period of time, away from public acclaim, where in solitary reflection he can think upon his deed, estimate its real value, and, upon emerging into the light of the world once more, comport himself with a modesty or an exhibition of pride precisely commensurate to the greatness of his act. Both Admiral DEWEY and Lieutenant HOBSON deserve well of their countrymen. Neither was entitled to the adulation originally lavished upon him. Neither has deserved the contemptible flings and jeers which have lately come to be the fashion. History will place them lower than they were; history will place them higher than they are.

Had both these favored sons of the republic gone immediately into retirement after the achievements of Manila Bay and Santiago Harbor, spent a year in communing with nature and with self, and remained silent always, their position in the public eye to-day would have been more gratifying to their friends and more comfortable for themselves.

Even now it is not too late for Mr. HOBSON to stop talking.

The Trumped-up Trust Issue

WHEN Mr. Bryan wrote into his platform a defiant threat against the financial integrity of the country and the prosperity of the people, his candidacy became a menace of destruction, and his election a disaster to be dreaded.

There were cooler heads than his at Kansas City, however. And these felt the necessity strong upon them of providing some sort of mask behind which to hide the destructive purpose embodied in the platform from the eyes of the nation. With that end in view, they put forward two other "issues" carefully constructed to frighten and mislead voters. One was the issue of Imperialism, manufactured out of a tenuous fog of unfounded assumption. The other was the so-called Trust Issue, composed of the thinnest of thin air, untouched even by a mist of misconception.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already and conclusively shown that the issue of Imperialism has no foundation whatever, except in excited imaginings, and no substance of fact anywhere to justify its existence. The Trust Issue is even worse provided with foundations. It has not so much as a difference of opinion to rest upon; for there is no party in this country which does not antagonize all of evil that the word Trust is commonly understood to mean. There is no party which sustains or looks with tolerance upon any conspiracy to monopolize trade, to destroy competition, or artificially to fix the prices of raw materials on the one hand, and finished products on the other. There is no party that has aught but antagonism to conspiracies of Greed against Need—conspiracies which, as the Democratic platform truly enough declares, "rob both producer and consumer." Certainly the Republican party holds no brief for any such clients as these. If this were all that the Kansas City platform meant by its denunciation of Trusts, there could be no issue on that subject between it and Republicanism. For it takes two to make an issue, as well as two to make a quarrel, and so far as such conspiracies are concerned, the Republican platform is as outspoken as that adopted at Kansas City. The only difference is that the Republican utterance calmly, discreetly, and conservatively points out a real evil and promises to combat it, while the plank on this subject in the Kansas City platform is a barbaric cry of indiscriminate hostility, not only to hurtful combinations, but, by irresistible inference, to all those business enterprises that must be carried on by large aggregations of capital in corporate form—enterprises the destruction or the embarrassment of which would strike down all prosperity, and plunge the country into a chaos and black night of confusion.

The Republican platform specifically condemns "all conspiracies and combinations intended to restrict business, to create monopolies, to limit production, or to control prices." It further declares that its supporters "favor such legislation as will effectively restrain and prevent all such abuses, protect and promote competition, and secure the rights of producers, laborers, and all who are engaged in industry and commerce."

The Democratic declaration is certainly not more emphatic or more explicit than this in its condemnation of conspiracies in restraint of trade. So far as such conspiracies are concerned—so far indeed as the Trust evil in any form is concerned—there can be no issue between the two parties, for the reason that there is no difference of opinion between them. But the Republican platform is at pains to discriminate between these hurtful conspiracies on the one hand and the legitimate combination of capital with industry for the conduct of great enterprises on the other. It says, frankly, "We recognize the necessity and propriety of the honest co-operation of capital to meet new business conditions, and especially to extend our rapidly increasing foreign trade." Surely, this is the sentiment of all men of sense, all men whose thinking is inspired by an intelligent desire for the country's prosperity. The Kansas City platform employs a larger number of words in denouncing Trust conspiracies, but the utterance is none the stronger for its verbal affluence. On the other hand, it contains no recognition whatever of modern business conditions. It suggests no appreciation, no understanding even, of the incalculable and indispensable services which aggregated capital, whether employed in great or small enterprises, renders daily and hourly to the country and to all its people. It goes on instead to reveal in further utterance the untempered, unthinking, and grossly ignorant Populistic purpose concealed behind the platitudes before put forward in denunciation of Trust conspiracies. It discloses the fact that the plank was put into the Democratic platform for the distinct purpose of winning the support of those Populists whose nomination Mr. Bryan accepted the other day without one word of criticism upon their avowedly destructive intentions. It reveals the vitally important truth that the proclaimed Democratic hostility to Trust conspiracies is in fact hostility to capital itself, to accumulation, to thrift, and to all those enterprises, great and small, in which thrift employs its savings, under the name of capital, in wealth-producing, wage-paying work. The utterance reveals, on the part of those who inspired it, an utter incapacity to discriminate between conspiracies in restraint of trade on the one hand, and those corporations which render services that would otherwise be lacking, employ in production or distribution vast aggregates of small savings that must otherwise remain idle, and carry forward the world's work in ways impossible to private enterprise. Against all these servitors of the public welfare the Kansas City platform discloses a blind, ignorant, and destructive hostility. For it employs the word "corporations" as a perfect synonym for Trust conspiracies, and in specific terms proposes the enactment of laws imposing upon all corporations restrictions which, as has already been shown in these columns, would drive the greater part of them out of business, to the public's immeasurable detriment.

Here at last we find an actual though misnamed "Trust Issue" between the two parties. So far as "all conspiracies and combinations intended to restrict business, to create monopolies, to limit production, or to control prices" are concerned, the Republican platform is as explicit in its condemnation as words well chosen for their strength and simplicity can make it. The Republican pledge is equally emphatic in behalf of "such legislation as will effectively restrain and prevent all such abuses, protect and promote competition, and secure the rights of producers, laborers, and all who are engaged in industry and commerce." But when the Democratic party, under inspiration of the Populists, proposes an indiscriminate statutory crusade against all corporations, all capital, all thrift, and all intelligent enterprise, there arises indeed a well-defined and vital issue between them. Upon that issue there can be no two opinions among men who intelligently interest themselves in the public welfare, or men who look about them and see the abundant and all-pervading prosperity, which the Kansas City programme threatens with a destruction as wanton and as senseless as any that barbarism has ever wreaked upon the creations of civilization.

The Populist-Democratic platform charges the Republicans with "dishonest paltering with the Trust evil," and Populist-Democratic orators and writers never tire of declaring that the present Administration has done nothing to enforce the anti-Trust laws enacted by Congress. They forget that history goes further back than March 4, 1897. They are at pains not to remember that the Administration preceding the present one was Democratic, and that it was elected upon a pledge of hostility to Trusts, and of the enforcement of the laws against them, quite as emphatic and much more explicit than that put forward at Kansas City. They conveniently forget that the Democratic Administration thus elected completely and utterly failed to do anything, even the least, toward the fulfilment of these promises.

Still more important, they forget that the Democratic Attorney-General, Richard Olney—one of the very ablest constitutional lawyers this country has ever produced—declared, after an exhaustive examination of the subject, and after securing Supreme Court rulings upon it, that the anti-Trust law in the national statute-books is void for unconstitutionality, and cannot be enforced. He further declared that the law in question, if it were valid at all, would make all corporations, all partnerships, and indeed all agreements to carry on business criminal conspiracies, punishable by enormous fines and long terms of imprisonment. Still further, this Democratic Attorney-General declared his judgment as a lawyer to be that while the several States have power to deal adequately with the subject, there is no power whatever in Congress to enact an anti-Trust law which shall be at once constitutional and effective.

Yet in face of this carefully formed and deliberately uttered judgment of an eminent Democratic Attorney-General, the Democratic platform now accuses the existing Republican Administration of "dishonest paltering" because it has not found means of enforcing unconstitutional statutes, and because a Republican Congress has not enacted laws which according to this highest Democratic legal and official authority it has no constitutional power to enact.

Manifestly there is no sincerity in the Kansas City deliverance on this subject, no conviction behind it, no honesty inspiring it. It is an attempt to raise a national issue on a subject with which national authority, administrative and legislative alike, has no power whatever to deal. It is simply a device to blind the eyes of the ignorant and the unthinking to the menace of national dishonor and popular impoverishment through coinage debasement which is the very marrow and substance of Mr. Bryan's candidacy, and would be the wellnigh inevitable consequence of his election.

In so far as there is any authority in the national government to deal with this matter, the Republican party and its candidate are pledged to deal with it discreetly and with due recognition of those conditions of modern life and business which render necessary the employment of elaborate, complex, and exceedingly sensitive financial machinery in the conduct of practical affairs. The Democratic-Populist programme is to play the bull in a china-shop and to break all the crockery in sight, with no reck whatever of consequences.

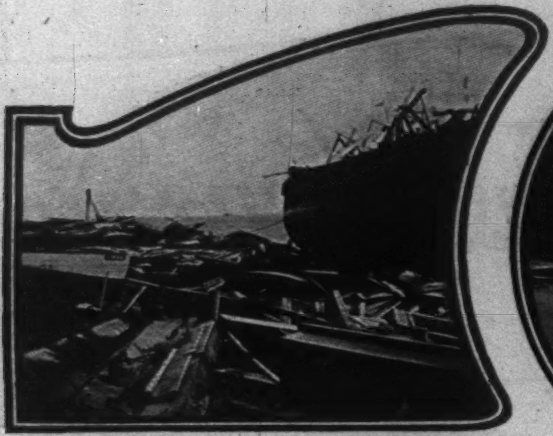
In so far, therefore, as the Trust Issue exists at all in national politics it is simply a question between discretion and indiscretion, between judicious repair and sledge-hammer destruction.

But as Mr. Olney showed when he was Mr. Cleveland's Attorney-General this matter of Trust monopoly belonged scarcely at all within the domain of national legislation and administration, and almost wholly to the several States. The power of the States to legislate concerning it is complete, subject only to those constitutional restraints which forbid the impairment of contract obligations, the confiscation of property, and the invasion of natural human rights. Under these restrictions every State is free to impose whatever conditions it may please upon the acquirement and exercise of corporate powers, and whatever penalties it may see fit upon the abuse of such privileges as it chooses to grant. There is not a Trust in all this land which is not organized under the laws of some individual State, holding its very existence by grace of a State grant, and subject absolutely to State control. It is to State and not to national authority, therefore, that we must look for the restraint of such abuses as may exist in the exercise of corporate power; to State legislatures, State executives, and State courts, and not to Congress or the President, that appeal should be made for such action as may be necessary to prevent and punish conspiracies in restraint of trade. It is a fundamental principle in our federal system that the national government has power to deal only with such matters as the Constitution commits to its charge, while the governments and legislatures of the several States are free to deal with all matters except such as the Constitution forbids to them. In this Trust matter, according to the high legal and Democratic authority of Mr. Olney, the national government has practically no power to act, while the States can effectively act.

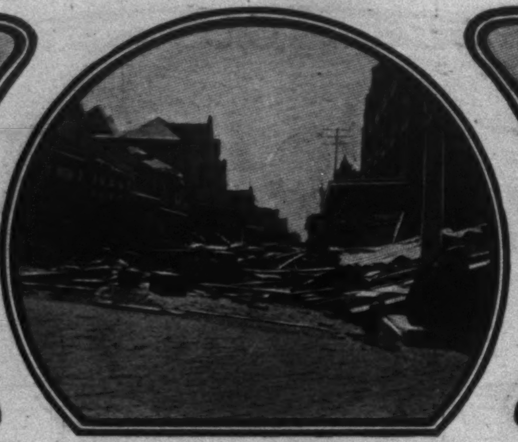
Indeed, it was long ago established by court decisions that without enacting any statutes at all on the subject a State may restrain and punish attempts to create monopolies to forestall or otherwise control markets or arbitrarily to fix prices.

New York State did precisely this nearly twenty years ago. Before any anti-Trust statute had been anywhere written into a law-book, proceedings were instituted in the New York courts against the Sugar Trust on the ground that it was a conspiracy to create monopoly and control prices, and that such a conspiracy was criminal at common law, whether forbidden by express statute or not. The Sugar Trust employed the ablest lawyers anywhere to be found, to combat this contention, but the courts unhesitatingly upheld the doctrine, annulled the charter of the particular sugar-refining company against which the proceeding was brought, and compelled the Sugar Trust to dissolve. The Trust was afterwards reorganized as a corporation, under and by virtue of New Jersey statutory law. Thus one State, without any statutory enactment on the subject, destroyed a Trust and drove it out of its borders; another State, by express statute, authorized the recreation of the Trust.

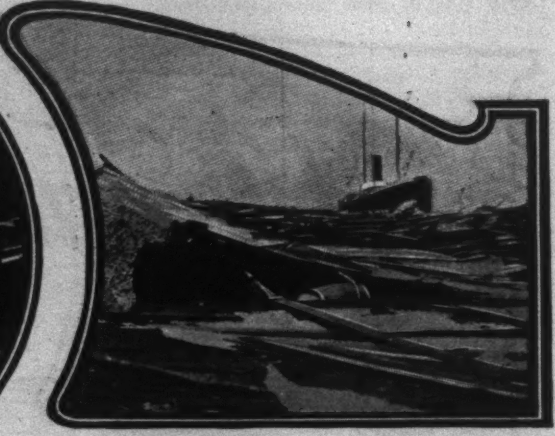
Is it not clear that the subject belongs almost wholly to State regulation? Is it not manifest that the very structure and constitution of the republic forbid Congress and the President to deal with it at all, except in very limited and necessarily ineffective ways? Is it not manifest that any attempt on the part of the national authorities to assume the functions of the several States in such a matter would be a revolutionary act of usurpation distinctly and very dangerously imperialistic in character?



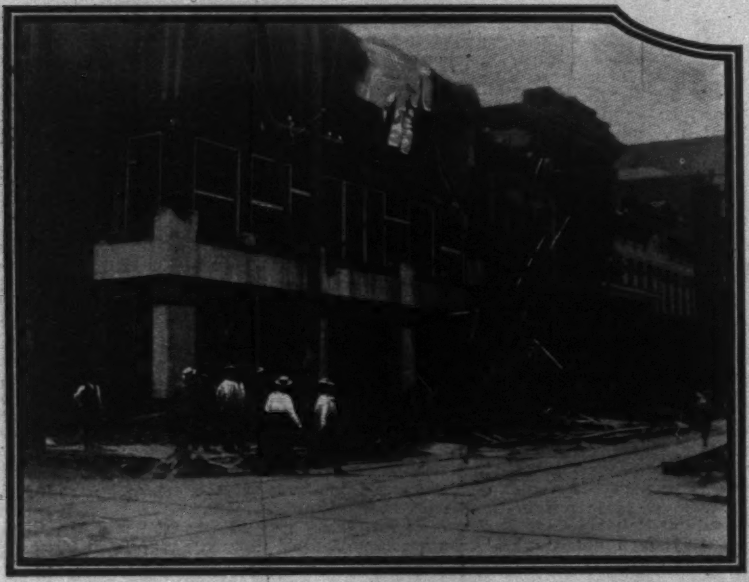
THE MALLORY LINE WHARF.



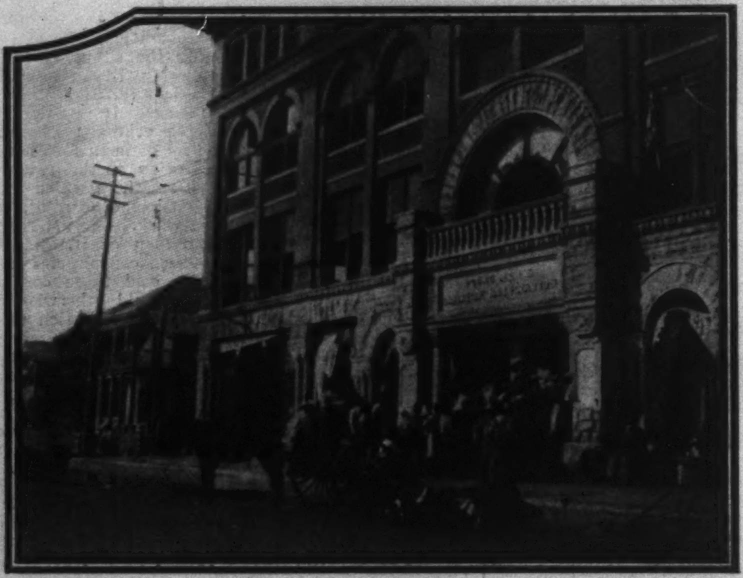
MARKET STREET.
Photo. by E. K. Collett.



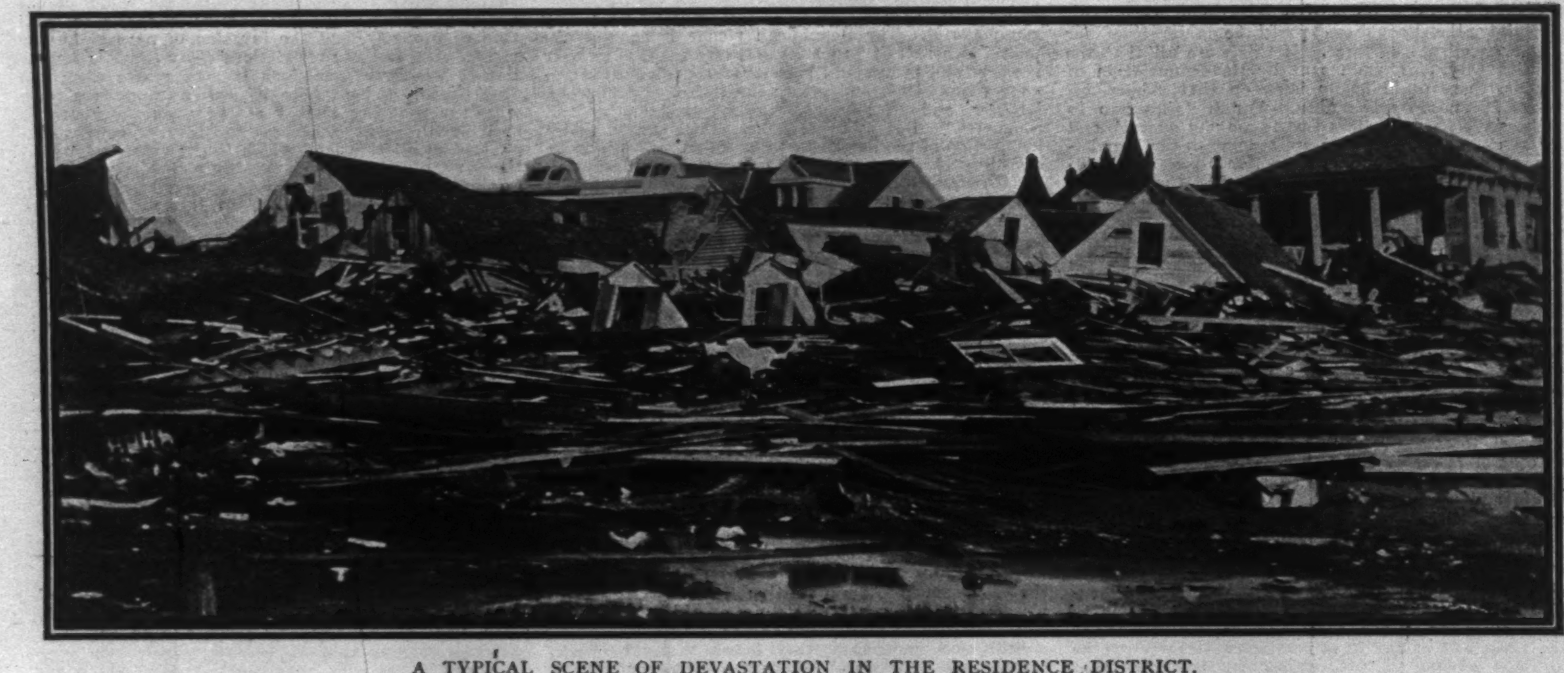
THE "ALAMO" HIGH AND DRY.



THE SHOPS IN TREMONT STREET.

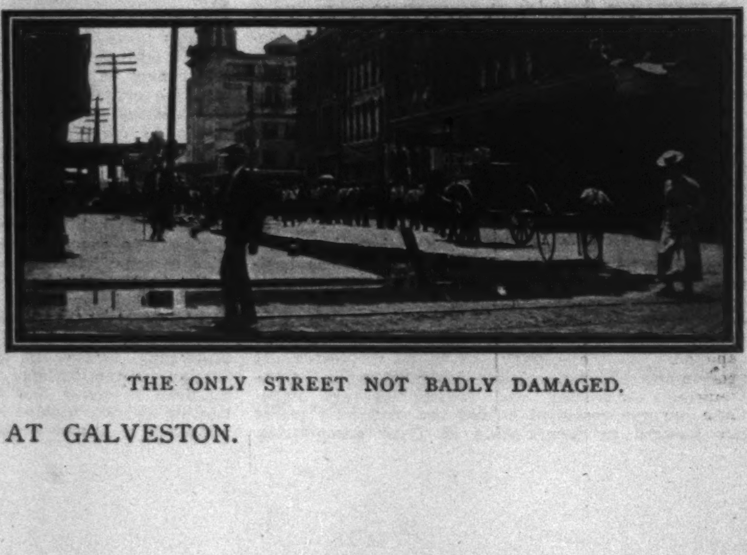


DISTRIBUTING SUPPLIES AT THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.



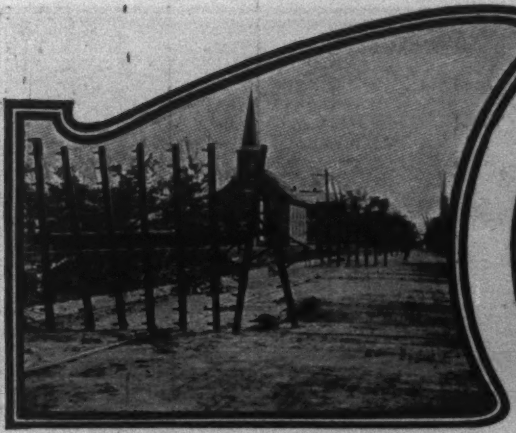
A TYPICAL SCENE OF DEVASTATION IN THE RESIDENCE DISTRICT.

A WRECKED LOCOMOTIVE.

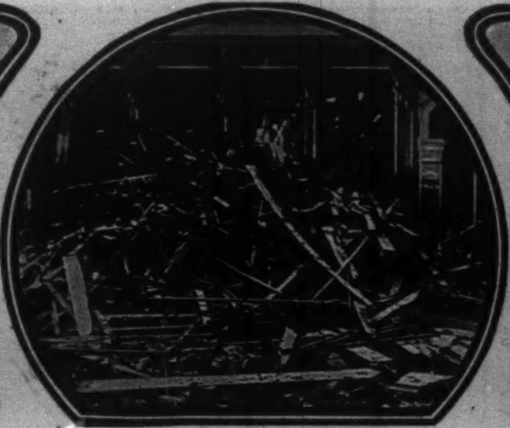


THE ONLY STREET NOT BADLY DAMAGED.

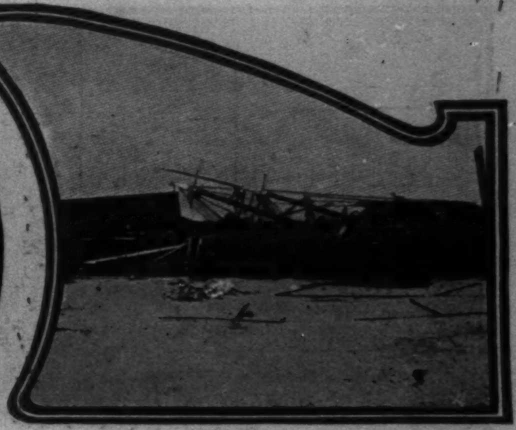
THE HURRICANE AT GALVESTON.



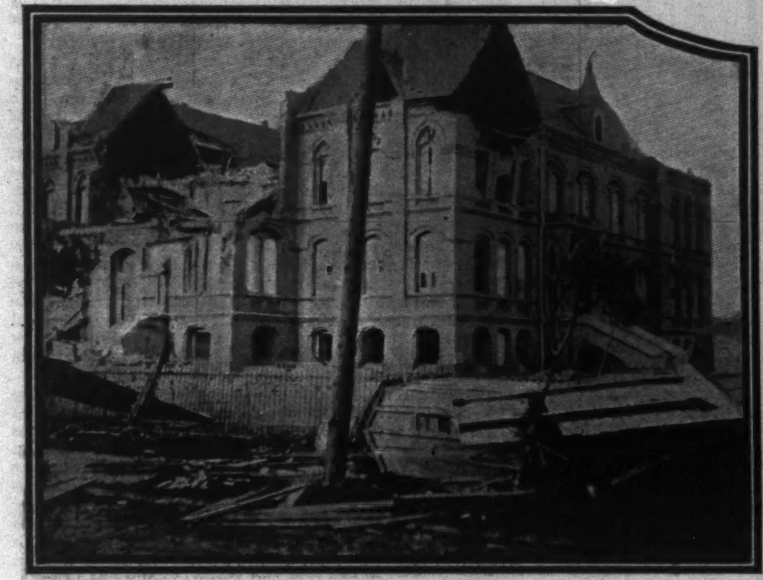
WRECKED TELEGRAPH POLES.



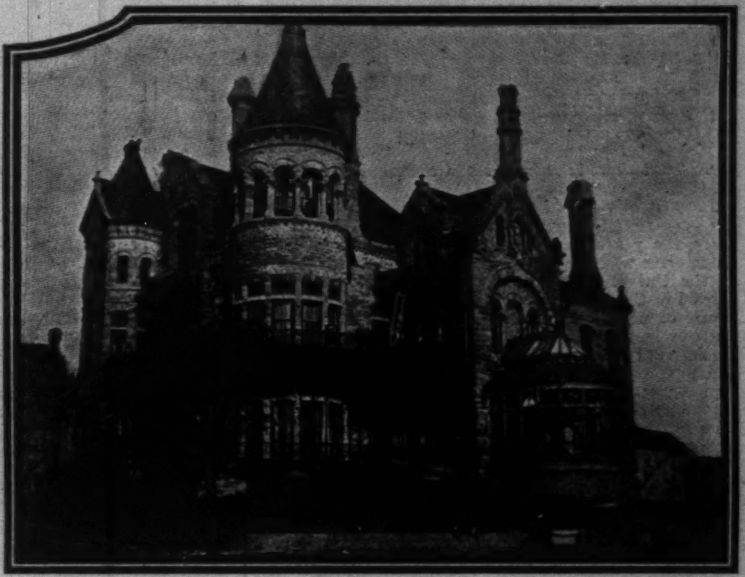
A TREMONT STREET SHOP.



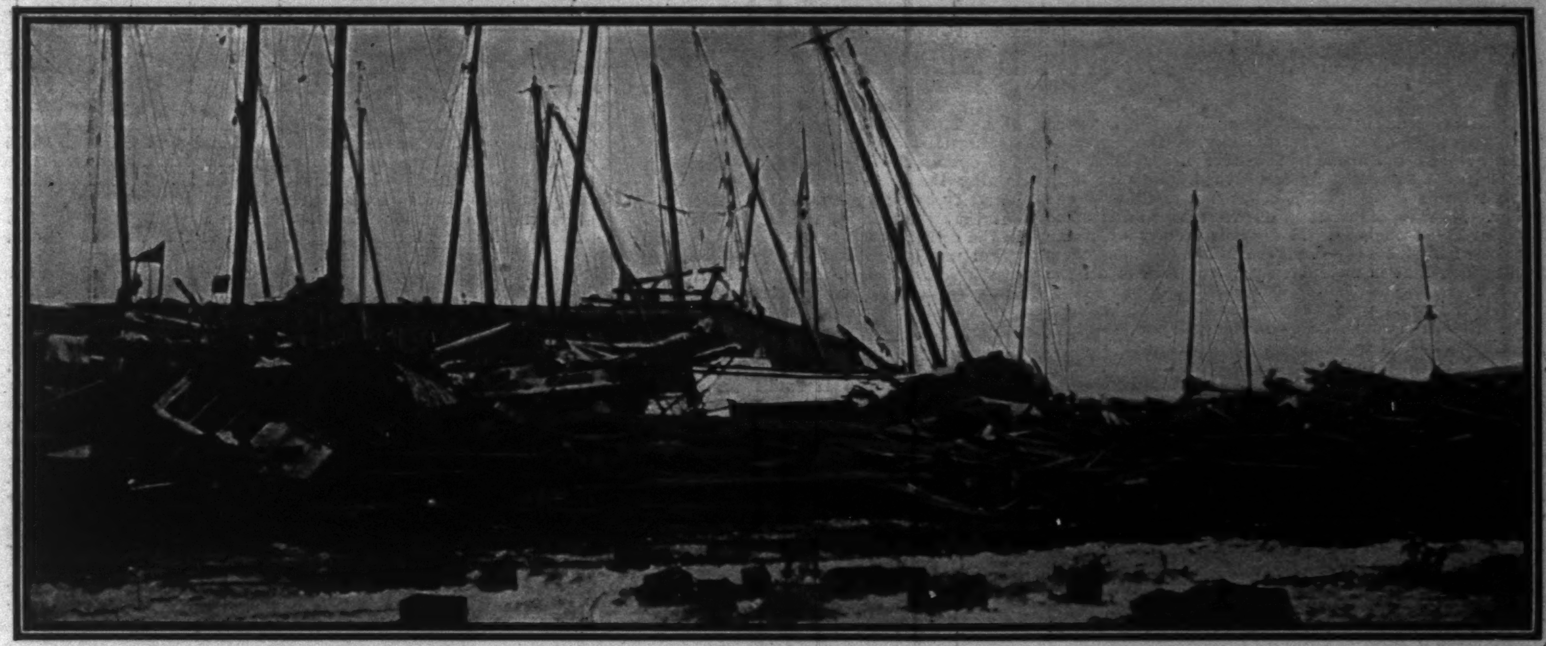
BIRCH WHARF.



THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.



THE GRESHAM RESIDENCE, WHICH WITHSTOOD THE GALE.



OYSTER-BOATS PILED UP ON THE EIGHTEENTH-STREET WHARF.

THE ONLY BODY BURIED IN A COFFIN.

BURNING THE DEAD.

THE HURRICANE AT GALVESTON.

The Strike of the Pennsylvania Coal-Miners

TO put the yardstick to the condition of the anthracite miners who are on strike in Pennsylvania is impossible. No man may say whether or not they were warranted in going out a week ago last Monday. That they will better their condition is extremely improbable. That there is room for betterment is unfortunately true.

It is equally true, however, that the bulk of the men are better off to-day than they have been at any time since the years following the civil war. The miners themselves will admit as much. With all other classes in the United States their condition has steadily improved in the last two years. Few trades have felt the touch of prosperity more sharply. Instead of working one hundred days or one hundred and fifty days, as they did previous to 1898, most of the miners have had practically full time, from twenty to twenty-two days a month.

It seems strange, therefore, that the men should have chosen this particular time to strike. Several explanations have been offered. It has been suggested on many sides that politics has to do with it. The strike leaders deny this vehemently, but the rumor persists. That Mr. Bryan's managers have looked about anxiously for something to offset the cry of the "full dinner-pail," every one knows. The anthracite miners certainly offered a fine opportunity. For years they have chafed under a system of compensation that is singularly crude. It left an opening for a series of almost endless abuses. In too many cases this opening was taken advantage of by operators and their superintendents and foremen. The result was that the whole mass of mine employees have been disaffected, notwithstanding their steadily increasing prosperity, and the fact that little more than 20 per cent. of the men were directly abused.

Instead of having a fixed scale the miners for the past thirty or forty years have worked under a system that leaves their earning practically at the mercy of their immediate superior. A miner never knows at the end of a day what he has earned. He may have worked like a slave for ten hours and made only one dollar. He may have put in only five hours and made a dollar for each hour. It depends largely upon the caprice of his "boss"—*i. e.*, the mine foreman. It is this system that is undoubtedly at the root of all the trouble.

Every miner is practically an independent business man. He works on contract—so much pay for so much material delivered to the breaker. He furnishes, or is supposed to furnish, his own helper or laborer. The latter loads into the car the coal that the miner has taken out with drill, pick, and powder. For this work the laborer receives one-third of the gross earnings. The miner gets the other two-thirds; but out of his share he is compelled to pay for the powder used, for the oil burned by himself and his laborer, for the sharpening of his tools, and for such other incidental expenses as may happen.

Under normal conditions this system would work well enough. But the anthracite miner must take all the business risks that any other contractor takes without having the least control over his work. In many mines he has not even the privilege of hiring his own laborer. The mine foreman does this, and uses his power to exact tribute.

The miner must take the particular breast or chamber assigned to him by the foreman. If the foreman is unscrupulous or tyrannical he sees to it that the "soft" places, where coal is plenty and the rock is light, is given to the man who pays for the privilege or plays the favorite. The miner who does not "stand in" gets hard places where he may sometimes drill and blast all day and bring down only enough coal to fill one or two cars. Nor is this the end of the foreman's power. He has the right to "dock" the miner for impurities found in the coal. The amount of this dockage is fixed arbitrarily by the foreman or superintendent. The miner has no voice in the matter. His coal is shovelled into a car bearing his number down in the mine, and carted off by the company's mule. It is hoisted to the top of the "breaker," the huge structure at the mouth of the shaft, where the coal is broken into sizes, sorted, and sent through chutes to the railroad cars below. At the top of the "breaker" is the "docking boss," a checking clerk employed by the foreman. He takes the number of the miner's car as its contents are emptied into the breaker, credits it to the miner by number, and docks for rock, dirt, and other impurities. The amount of this dockage is entirely at the discretion of the "docking boss." He may make it one per cent. or thirty. The miner, who never sees his coal again after the mule-drivers have carried it away, must abide by the judgment of the "docking boss," and what this judgment is the miner does not know until the end of the day, sometimes not until the end of the month. He could not dispute the amount of the dockage if he would, for the impurities with which he is charged have been thrown away in the great "culm" pile that towers like a mountain in the shadow of the breaker. I have seen due-bill after due-bill where the miner was docked 20 and 25 per cent. The outrage of this is shown by the accounts of the honest companies, where the average dockage is less than 3 per cent. It is only fair to say that fully 80 or 85 per cent. of the companies are honest in their dockage, but this does not alter the fact that the system is general, that it gives practically unlimited opportunities to rob the miner, and that there are many collieries where these opportunities are employed to the full.

One of the demands of the strikers is that they shall be allowed to hire at their own expense a "checking weighman," who will be at the head of the breaker jointly with the company's "docking boss." This is a most reasonable request, and that the system has not been adopted long ago is one of the many evidences of the unbusinesslike conditions that exist in the anthracite region.

The "allowance" regulation, and the fact that coal is credited to the miner not by weight, but by car, offer further opportunities for the oppression and robbing of the miner by the operators and their foremen.

When a new vein is opened the price to be paid per car to the miner is fixed between the men and the operator according to the general formation. If it be a high vein with lots of clean coal and plenty of working-room, the miner is allowed about eighty-five or ninety cents per car. If it be a low vein, where the miner must work in a stooping position or where he must perhaps lie prone on his abdomen to pick and drill, and if the formation be rocky, the price may be as high as $1 10. There is no fixed system of determining the price. It is largely haphazard guess-work. The operator and his men have the final say in determining the amount to be paid, and as they are of necessity shrewder than the miner it invariably works out that the workman gets the worst of the decision in the collieries where the miners are not over-nice.

Fortunately most of the operators, especially the big companies, are fair. But the smaller men are often grasping, and it is not infrequently the case that the miner is driven to the only remedy—a strike against the operator's decision. Only recently there was a prolonged strike in one of the Scranton collieries, where the men refused point-blank to accept the operator's valuation. It so happened that the men in this colliery were organized, and after a sharp struggle they gained their point.

The main hardship of the flexible "allowance" system, however, comes after the general price has been determined. The vein may run clear and easy for some time after it has been opened, and then the miner meets a large deposit of rock and other hard matter in which there is little or no coal. He must blast through this and clear it out. Manifestly he can make nothing out of the little coal he gets, and he is entitled to a special "allowance" or "yardage" for the rock removed. In the big collieries that are run by honest foremen it sometimes happens that a miner makes more out of rock-work than he does in a clear chamber. These foremen allow for the fact that it is much harder work drilling rock than it is drilling coal. They also allow for the fact that the miner to make any headway must work longer hours, perhaps twice as long as he would in coal, and he must use a great deal more powder, which he buys from the company. Therefore the foremen are liberal, or rather just, and pay according to the work done. In one such colliery I saw due-bills giving the men on "hard" work an average of $4 a day. But generally it is the other way. I came across scores of cases where men worked from eight to twelve hours a day in hard places to earn $20 to $30 a month of twenty to twenty-two working days. And it was work the hardship of which no one can appreciate who has not been down in the anthracite catacombs.

The car system of payment would also seem to work hardships which might be ameliorated. There is supposed to be a standard, the "Diamond" car, which holds in the neighborhood of 3000 pounds. The legal ton is 2240. The difference between this and the 3000 pounds is supposed to allow for the impurities, for which the men are charged a second time by the "docking boss." But the standard is entirely supposititious. In the entire mining region there are probably not two companies where cars are of the same size, and some of the tricks resorted to by the dishonest operators are deprecable. For example, there are thousands of cars in the Lackawanna, Wyoming, and Lehigh valleys that are built without braces, so that they spread under the load. It is as though a man were required to fill a flexible rubber bag with all it could hold. Some of these cars spread so that they hold 15 per cent. more coal than their normal dimensions will permit. Almost without exception in the smaller collieries the cars are topped from time to time until their sides are from four inches to a foot higher than they were when built. The cars in other collieries are built deliberately so as to deceive the eye, on the reversed principle of the "Bowery" schooner that appears to the uninitiated to hold twice as much beer as the thin glassware served on Broadway. There are any number of cars in the anthracite region that hold over 4000 pounds. And their irregularity is glaring. On one occasion I saw four cars at a repair-shop that varied in size from 10 to 25 per cent.

But the most curious situation of all is found in the powder question. It is almost inconceivable that in these times of clean-cut, modern business methods great corporations should share with small firms in the administration of a system that would shock the business sense of a Choctaw Indian. It is about as sensible as would be the action of a grocer who in order to arrive at the weight of a barrel of sugar would weigh it with a bag of flour, a side of bacon, and a tierce of lard, and then deduct the weight of the foreign articles, or such of them as happened to strike him.

When the civil war drove powder up to $6 and $7 a keg the coal-operators attempted to fasten the increased cost on the miners. At that time, however, the miners were comparatively few, their wages were high, running frequently to $50 and $60 a week, and they controlled the situation. They declined to stand the increase, and the operators had to submit, furnishing the powder as they had in the past at $3 a keg. After the war, powder fell steadily, until to-day it sells at about $1 10 a keg delivered at the mines. The price to the miners was reduced years ago to $2 75 in some parts of the anthracite fields, and elsewhere to $2, and in other localities to $1 50. It is claimed by the operators that where the higher prices prevail, the miners receive higher wages in the complicated system known as the sliding scale. The men are not allowed to supply their own powder.

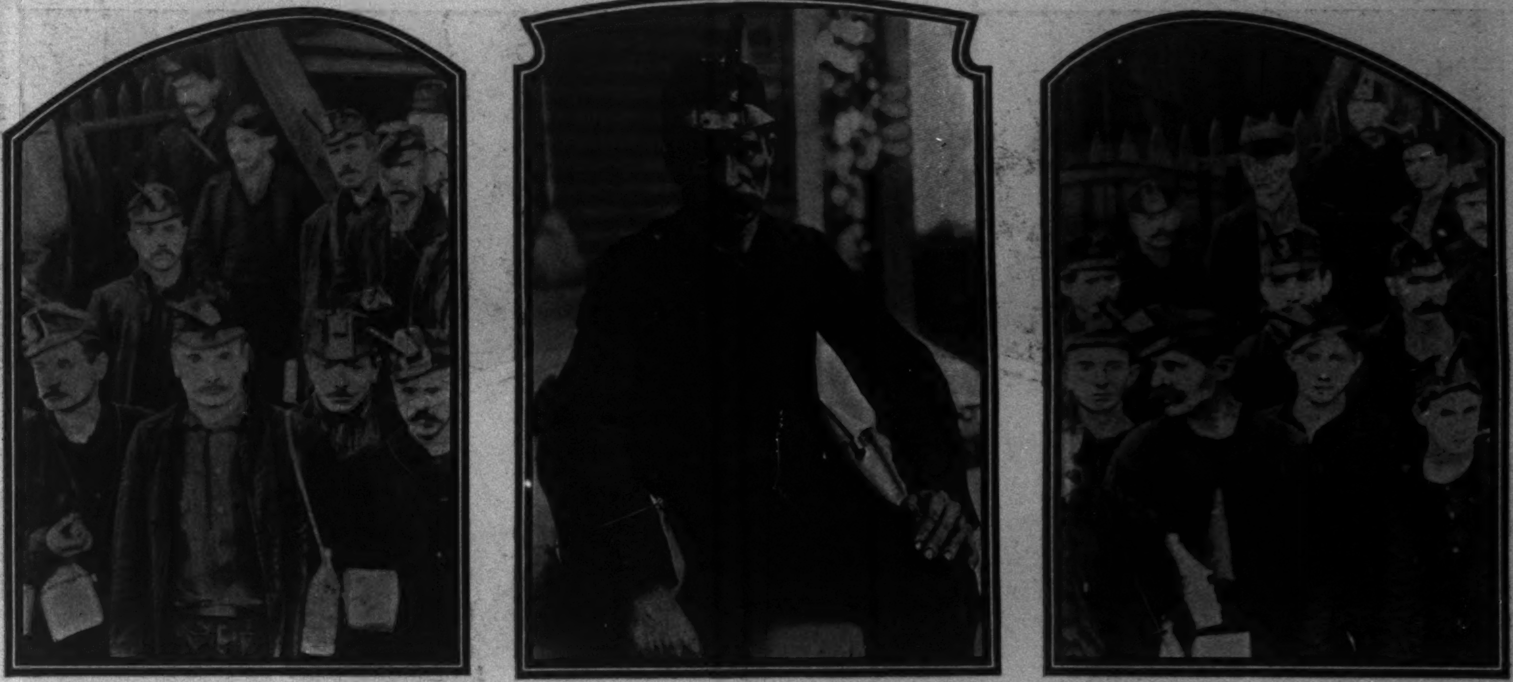
The other abuses of which the miners complain are confined practically to less than 25 per cent. of the collieries. The other 75 per cent. treat their men fairly, and, as such labor goes, the miners and the mine-workers are very fairly paid. I examined the pay-rolls of a number of the large mines and found the average pay about $2 25 for miners and $1 90 for laborers. Some of the men ran as high as $95 net for a month's work. The general scale of wages, too, is very good. For example, in the D., L., & W. mines engineers are paid $2 31 a day, firemen $1 56, outside laborers $1 45, and breaker-boys 55 cents to $1. For work inside the mines the company pays its door-boys 60 to 90 cents a day; driver boys, $1 05 to $1 37; miners, $1 52 to $1 61; mine laborers (old men of the pension class), $1 61; regular laborers, $1 93; timbermen, $2 23; track-layers, $2 23.

The other big companies do about as well by their men, and within the past two years, since prosperity was restored, there has been plenty of work.

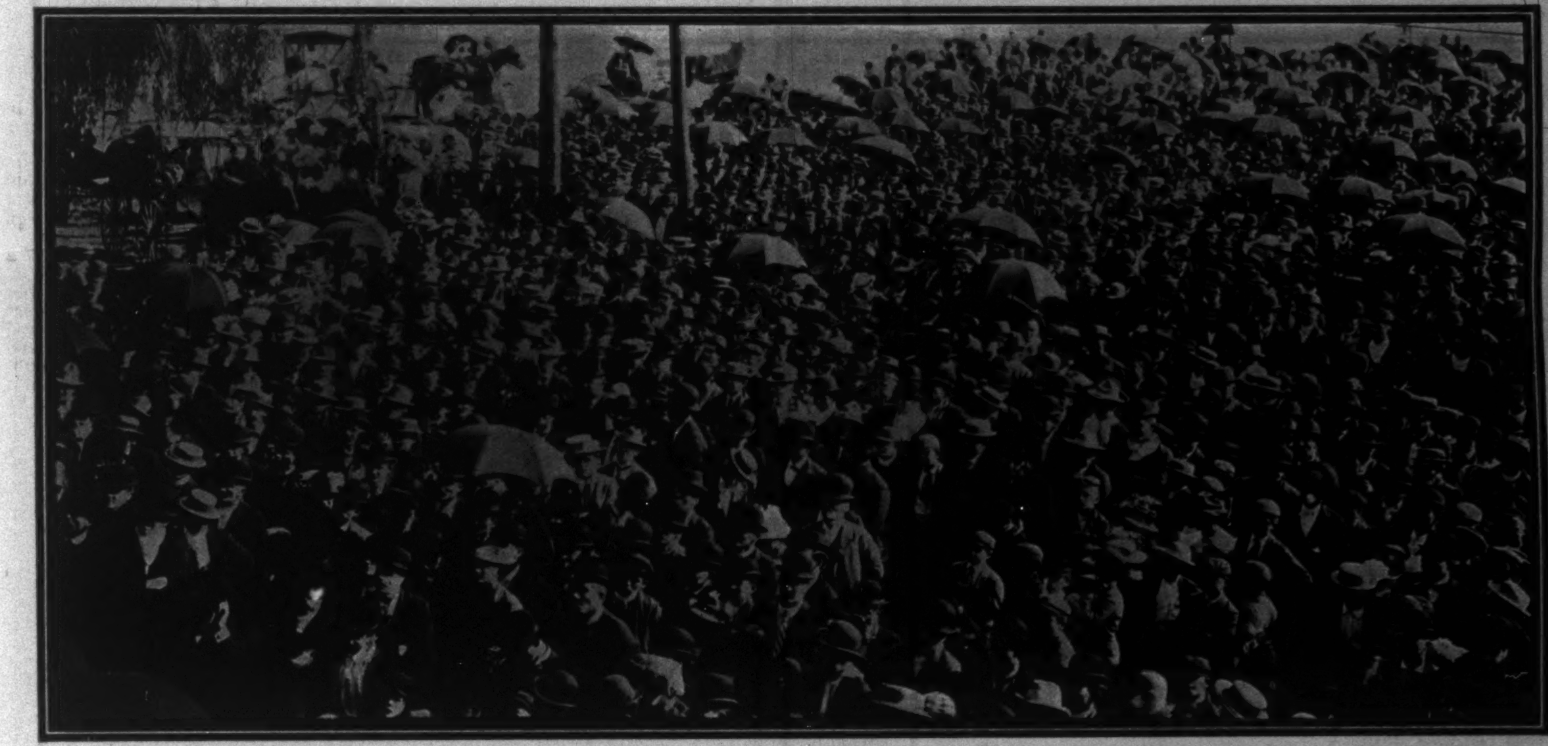
The smaller companies, however, have not always treated their men well. In spite of the law some have maintained "company" stores; docked excessively; and they have taken advantage of the mine-workers in other ways. To this they in turn have been largely driven by the big companies. These latter are the railroad companies. They control absolutely the marketing of every ton of coal mined. Since they formed a combination the small operators have been absolutely at their mercy. Freight rates have been fixed on the principle of "all that the traffic will bear." The result is that many of the independent operators deliver their coal to the railroad companies practically at what it costs them to mine it. It must be remembered that if the "company" store did not exist in a score of mining patches, miles removed from any village, the miners and their families would suffer great inconvenience.

Altogether the situation is peculiar. Only one thing seems clear. The men have a rather poor prospect for success. The railway companies that control the bulk of the mines say their men are well paid, and that none of the abuses like the company store and company doctor exist. They have millions to spend to keep up the fight.

The small operators could not exist if they did not practise the schemes the men complain of. Hence they won't give in even if the big fellows would let them. Hence the hopelessness of the situation.



TYPES OF MINERS IN THE PENNSYLVANIA COAL-FIELDS.



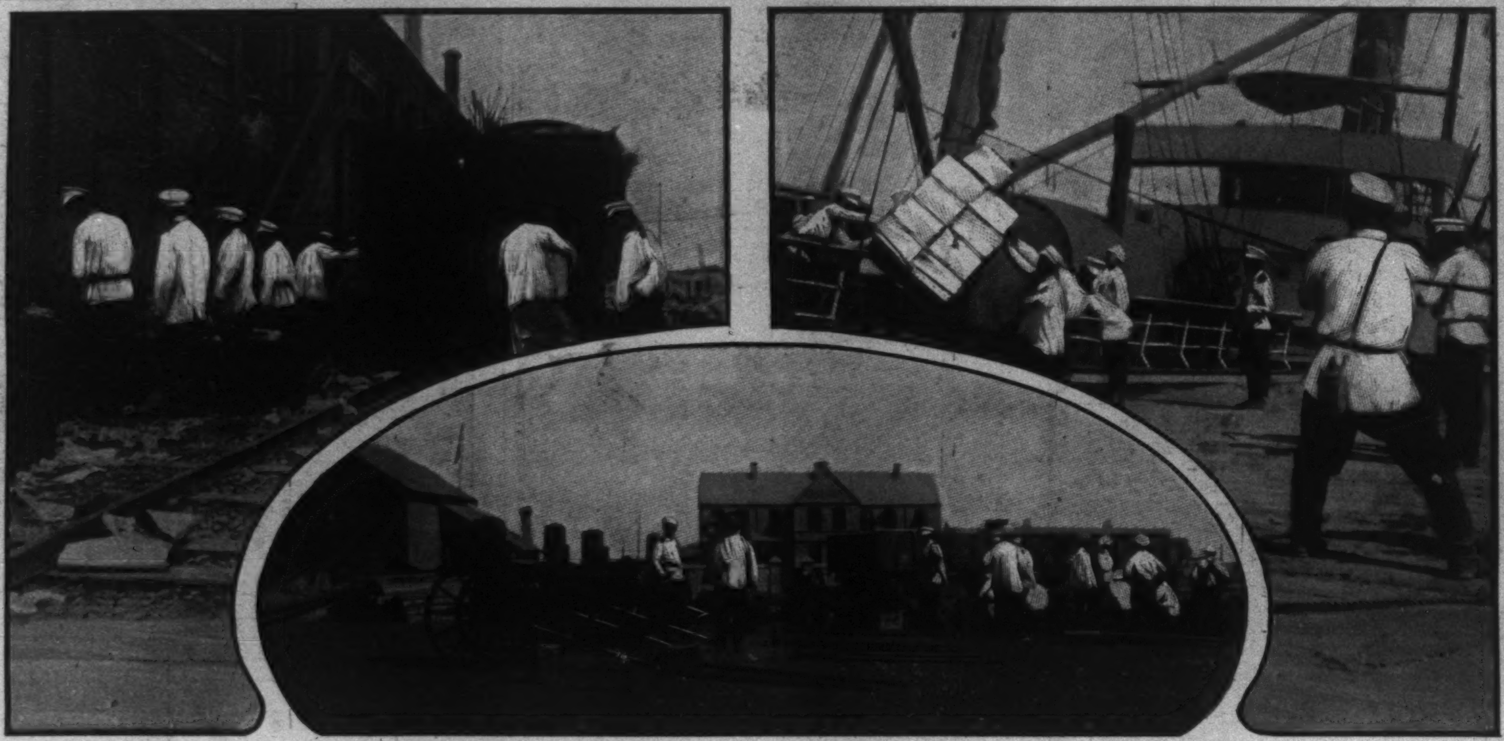
A MASS-MEETING OF MINERS AT SCRANTON.

A MINER'S COTTAGE.

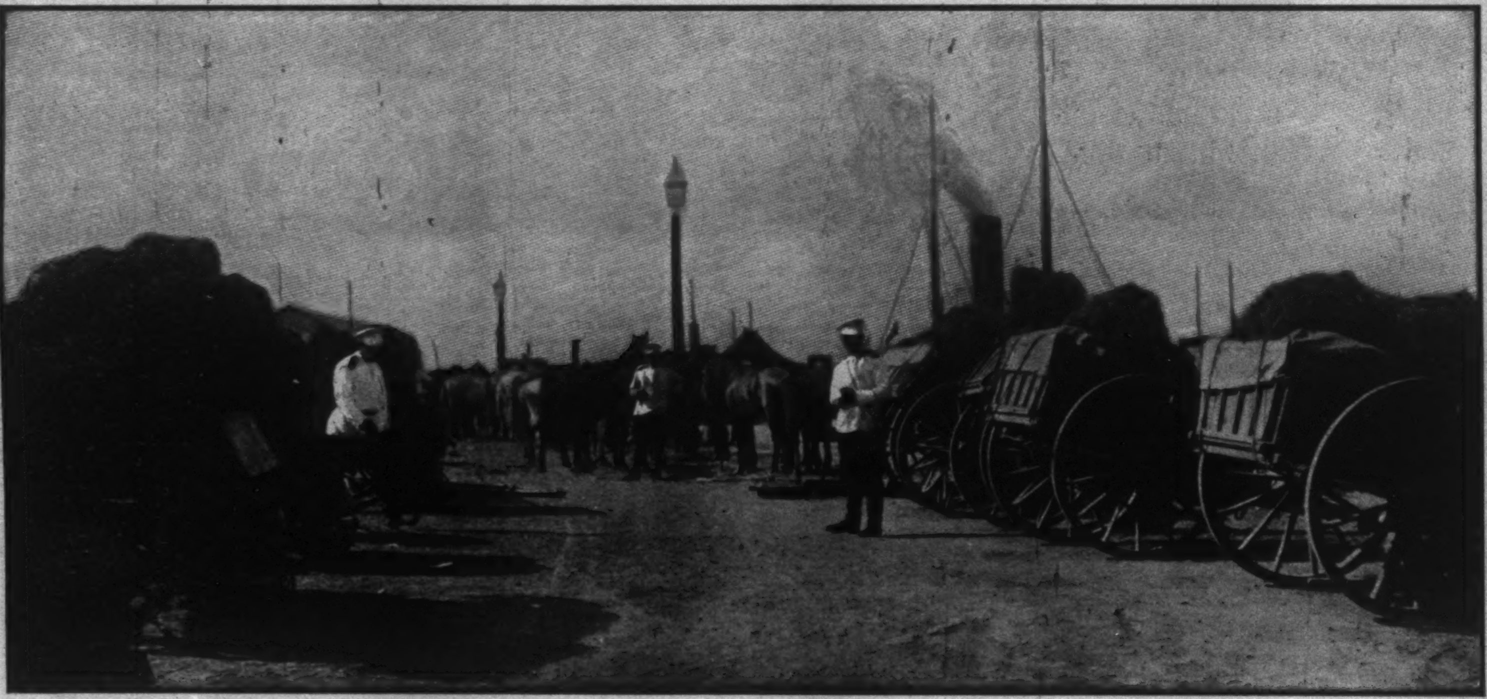
SAM MORGANS,
One of the Strike Leaders.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE AT SCRANTON.

THE STRIKE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA COAL-MINERS.

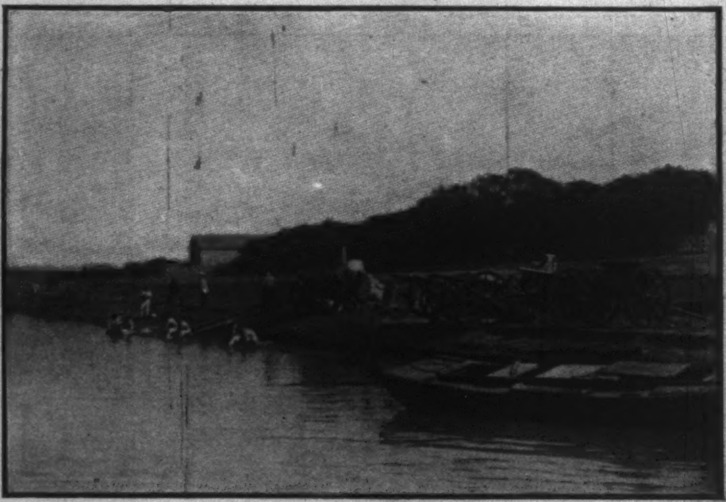


LOOTING. A BATTERY OF MACHINE-GUNS. UNLOADING.



FORAGE-CARTS.

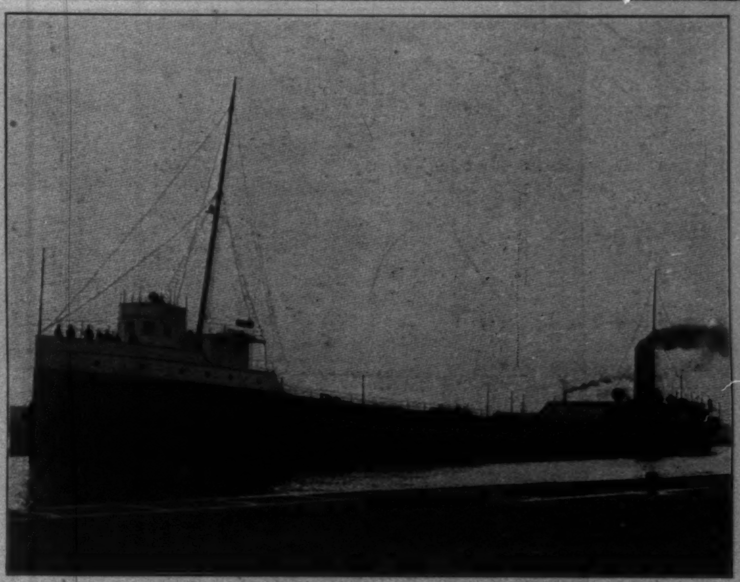
FIELD-OVENS.



WASHING CLOTHES.

THE RUSSIANS AT TIENTSIN.

WHALEBACKS USED TO CARRY ORE.



ONE OF THE LARGEST STEAMERS ON THE LAKES.

The Most Remarkable Year in the History of the Great Lakes

IT is not often that the designation of a superlative may be applied to the record of two successive years, but an exception is afforded by the history of the navigation and commerce of the Great Lakes during the two closing years of the century. The year 1899, which witnessed the advent of the Rockefellers, Carnegies, and other great money powers into the field of fresh-water transportation on an extensive scale, saw the evolution of larger vessels than it had heretofore been supposed were practicable for service on the inland seas. It witnessed also the moving of millions of tons of freight in excess of what had been handled in any single year before, and thus it was an entirely natural concession that it should be accounted the most extraordinary year since vessels began to ply this unique chain of waterways, aggregating more than a thousand miles in length.

But the triumph of the year just past is to be at best a fleeting one, for there is already the assurance that 1900 will unfold far more surprising tales of wonders. The twelvemonth dawning will, for one thing, introduce to their field of usefulness the first 500-foot vessels ever constructed on the Lakes—vessels fully as large as the transatlantic liners of a few years ago, and which when the project of their construction was first broached were the object of quite as many expressions of incredulity as is the 1000-foot vessel to-day. Fully as important is the invention of new machinery which will enable a reduction of almost fifty per cent. in the time required for the unloading of the huge freight-carrying boats. Then there is proposed an engineering scheme for raising the levels of the Lakes two or three feet, and finally there are the possibilities unfolded by the opening in the spring of a waterway of moderate depth connecting the Great Lakes with the Atlantic Ocean.

A considerable portion of the citizens of the United States have for some time taken a particular pride in the shipping interests of the Great Lakes. There have been years within the past decade when the aggregate tonnage of the new vessels built at the ports on the Lakes exceeded that of all the other ship-yards in the country combined, and the last report of the Bureau of Navigation of the Treasury Department, issued a few weeks since, showed that of good-sized steam-vessels—that is, craft of 1000 tons burden or more—the Lakes have almost four hundred, while in all other parts of the United States there are only two hundred and fifty such vessels. Naturally, therefore, there was a great hue-and-cry a few months ago when it appeared as if the independent vessel-owner of moderate means was being crowded out of the field of Lake transportation.

It is a question, however, whether the wealth and influence of the great corporations of the iron and steel producing world are not just what is needed to develop the untold resources of these five huge ponds, which contain upwards of one-half of the fresh water on the globe. When, some years ago, John D. Rockefeller came into possession of a number of iron-mines in the Lake Superior district and the railroads which connected them with the ports at the head of the Lakes, he speedily realized that if he were to be in a position to meet competition he must be in possession of his own fleet of vessels for the purpose of carrying his ore to the iron-furnaces in the vicinity of Pittsburg, which constitute the chief consumers. The dozen vessels which were then contracted for marked the commencement of the new era in Lake shipping. Not only did they signal the entrance of the mine-operator into the transportation field on a greater scale than ever before, but they introduced larger and stronger vessels than had been contemplated in the wildest dreams of the old-time navigators.

The magnate of the Standard Oil Company was, however, somewhat more advanced in his ideas than many of his competitors in business. Save for constant additions to the Rockefeller fleet, matters ran along very much as before for several years. Then came 1899 with the purchases of vessels, which may be characterized as nothing more nor less than a grand scramble for tonnage. Mr. Rockefeller offered to sell to the Carnegie Steel Company his entire holdings of mines, ore-carrying railroads and vessels, at a price reported to be $50,000,000. The Carnegie officials declined the proposition. The richest man in the world sought to maintain his supremacy by a series of rapidly executed manœuvres. He contracted for the construction of new vessels, chartered others for the entire year 1900, and purchased still others outright, among the latter the entire fleet of a score and a half of those unique vessels known as "whalebacks," and for which he paid something like $3,000,000. Altogether there will be operated under Mr. Rockefeller's direction, on the Lakes during the coming summer, fully seventy vessels, and they comprise what is unquestionably the most remarkable single fleet which has ever been in service under the American flag.

Meanwhile the great iron and steel producing combinations or "trusts," which came into existence during 1899, had not been idle by any means. It was no fever which came to them by contagion, but a fight for existence. They secured vessels when and where they might, and seldom did the matter of price stand as a barrier to a transfer. Almost one hundred and fifty vessels changed hands during the last six months of the year. In some cases old vessels which had earned for their owners their cost several times over were sold at original cost price, and in others premiums ranging anywhere from $30,000 to $50,000 were paid for vessels simply contracted for—merely the purchase of an option, as it were—because the ship-building companies could book no new orders. If the independent vessel-owner was being crowded out, it was apparent that he was reaping a golden harvest in passing.

The American Steel and Wire Company purchased a fleet of the largest vessels on the Lakes, and contracted for the construction of half a dozen new vessels—among them the 500-foot steamers previously mentioned. The National Steel Company, another one of the new combinations, purchased from M. A. Hanna & Co. mines capable of producing about a million and a quarter tons of ore per year, and vessels capable of transporting almost that much. A remarkable feature of the transaction was found in the fact that Mr. L. C. Hanna, a brother of the Senator, managed to effect this transfer of property—not merely as to control, but practically the entire stock of the four corporations embraced—without the necessity of calling a single meeting of directors.

The Carnegie Steel Company might have been worsted in this struggle between giants had it not been for an unexpected little coup. They purchased all the suitable vessels they could find, but these represented but a drop in the bucket beside their requirements. It had been announced that none of the Lake ship-yards could undertake any more work for delivery in 1900. However, the Carnegie people found that it was a case not of incapacity but of inability to secure ship-plates. They made a proposal to themselves furnish the material for half a dozen extra vessels, and before many people were fully aware of the status of the affairs the contracts for these additional ships had been closed.

While these events were transpiring the Lake ship-builders themselves had been planning for new conditions. The seven principal steel-ship building plants on the inland seas were amalgamated into a combination with a capital of $14,000,000, and plans were made for the extension and improvement of several of the yards. In conformity with the other extraordinary conditions it may be said that there has never been a period in the history of vessel-construction on the Lakes to compare with the era which was inaugurated six months ago, and which will continue through this year. There are now under construction, to come out during 1900, more than two dozen steel vessels, many of them of the largest size—that is, capable of carrying a cargo of from 8000 to 9000 net tons. Indeed, the general increase in the size of Lake ships is well illustrated by the fact that the total tonnage under construction at this time a year ago, when there were almost as many vessels building, was only about half what it is to-day.

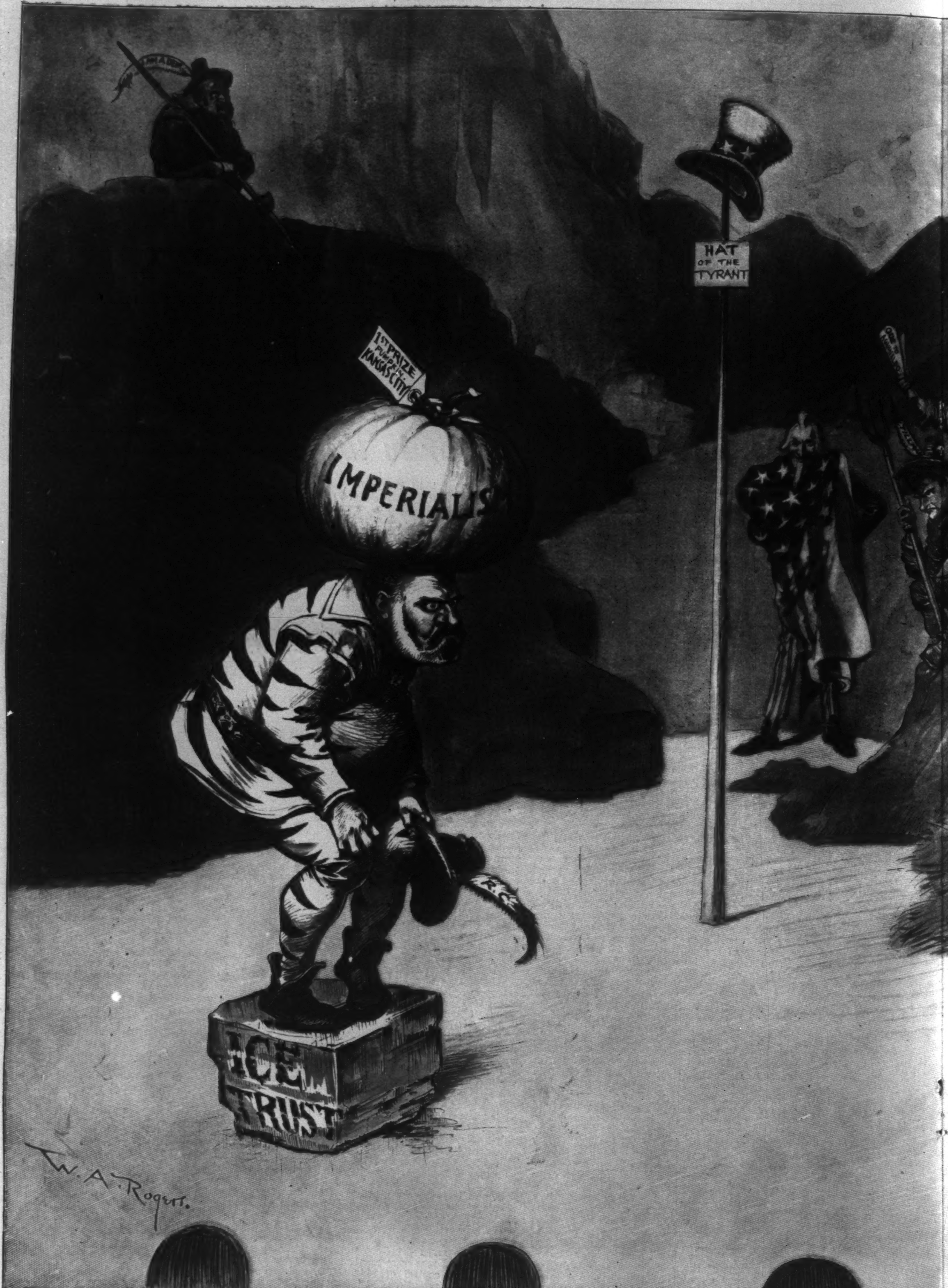
It will thus be seen that all the transportation interests of our fresh-water seas stand, like a laborer with bared arms, ready for the task of maximum proportions which is to come this year, and no one at all conversant with conditions can doubt that it will prove an achievement worthy of the workers. The Lake vessels brought down from the Lake Superior country last year in the neighborhood of eighteen million tons of ore—fully as much as was moved in the thirty years previous to 1882, or in any two seasons between 1890 and 1895. This year they will, in all probability, carry as food for the furnaces very nearly twenty million tons of ore. The increase in the other commodities, for the transportation of which the Lakes constitute a highway, will be almost as great. There will be more grain than ever before to be carried on the first stage of its journey abroad, and there will be larger shipments of coal destined for the growing cities of the Northwest.

If more difficult transportation problems are to be imposed, however, those who are to wrestle with their solution will have the assistance of new products of man's ingenuity. At the ports at the head of Lake Superior hundreds of thousands of dollars are being expended in the construction of new "pockets," huge bins from which the iron ore slides so rapidly that it is possible to place a cargo of seven or eight thousand tons aboard a vessel in three or four hours. At Chicago new elevators aggregating millions of bushels in capacity are well along toward completion. At several of the ports on Lake Erie there have recently been constructed ponderous machines which will pick up a railroad car loaded with coal, overturn it, dumping its contents into the hold of a ship and return the empty car to the track, all within the space of a minute. Finally, best of all, the opening of navigation in the spring will witness the first successful operation of a mechanical ore-unloader. For years the vesselmen have been chafing under the rather tedious system of unloading the ore-boats by means of immense gangs of men. Now comes this interesting new machine with its massive walking-beam and clam-shell bucket, scooping up ten tons of ore at a time, and with several of these employed on a vessel it will be possible to remove the largest cargo in half a day.

The Lake vesselmen find two causes for congratulation in the prospect of a long season of navigation and in the small number of vessels lost during 1899. Ofttimes the vessels which disappear from the inland seas in a single year will aggregate $1,000,000 in value, but last year they footed up scarcely a third of that sum. Then, too, the high freight rates assured for this season mean large profits for the vesselmen. With fair fortune the smaller-size vessels will be able to make a net profit of from $40,000 to $60,000 each on the season, and the larger craft will prove correspondingly more remunerative.

Several new projects there are on the horizon which appear like harbingers of greater prosperity for all the Lake interests. Chief among these are the enlarged St. Lawrence canals, to be opened in the spring, and which will permit of the free passage between Lakes and ocean of vessels not exceeding 260 feet in length. Then there is the plan of the United States engineers for raising the level of the Lakes by the construction of a million-dollar dam above Niagara Falls, the proposed improvement of the Erie Canal, and the possibility that the recently opened Chicago drainage canal may ultimately prove another link in a transportation chain between the Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico, *viâ* the Mississippi.

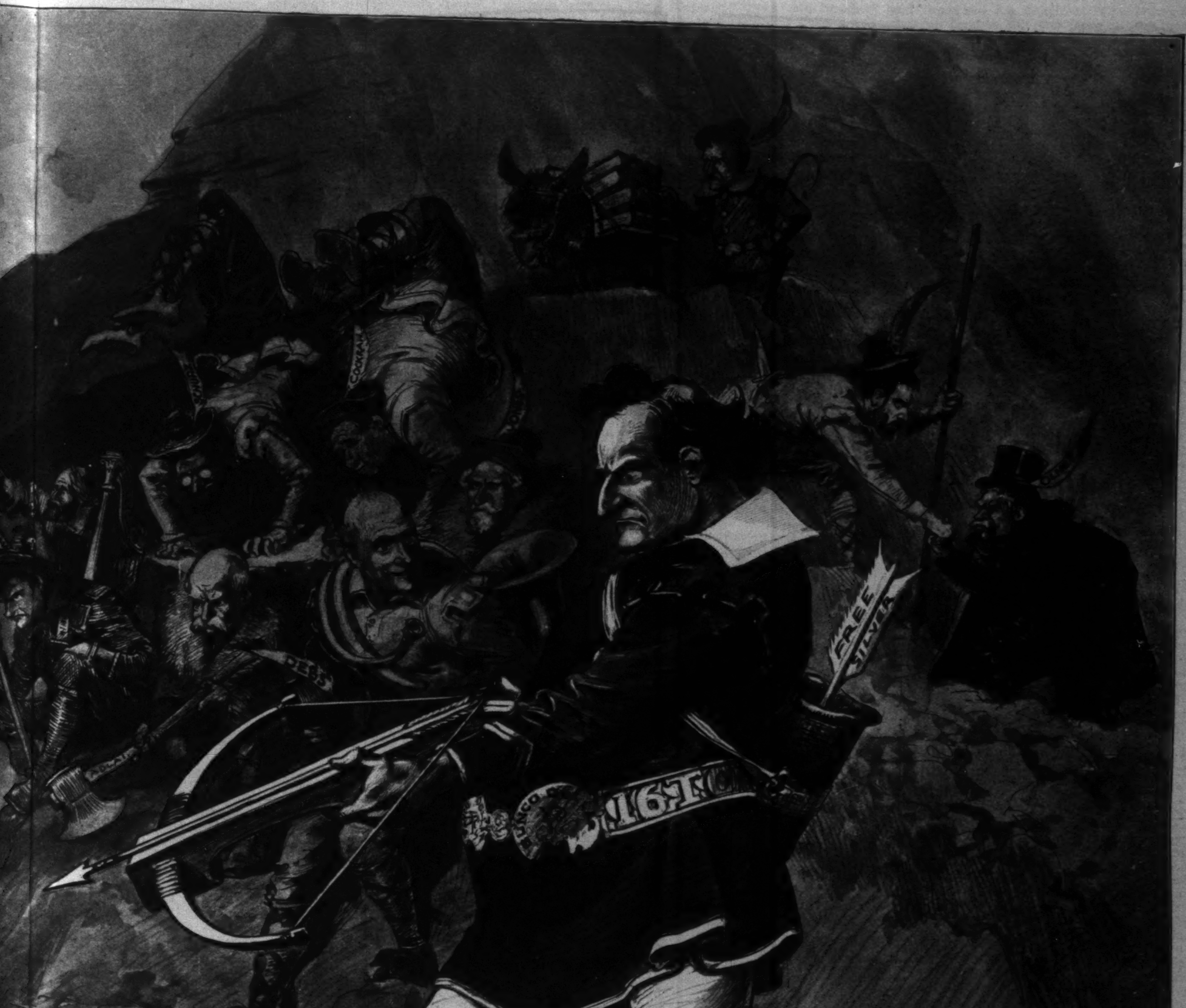
WALDON FAWCETT.


1ST PRIZE PUMPKIN KANSAS CITY
IMPERIALIS
HAT OF THE TYRANT
R.C.
ICE TRUST
W. A. Rogers.

WILLIAM

A CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE BY THE GREAT

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA		
	WILLIAM TELL	Mr. BRYAN
	HIS SON	Mr. CROKER
	GRAND TOOTLER	Mr. Debs
	VILLAGE POET	Mr. Garrison
	GROUND-AND-LOFTY TUMBLERS	Mr. Schurz Mr. Cockran
	BELATED OLD GENTLEMAN	Mr. Olney
	HIS GUIDE	Mr. Altgeld


COCKRAN
DEBS
FREE SILVER
16 TO

M TELL

CROKER-BRYAN-ALTGELD-OLNEY COMBINATION

BOOK-AGENT .... Mr. Richardson
AXE-MAN .... Mr. Stevenson
PITCH-FORKER .... Mr. Tillman
GUIDE OUT OF A JOB .... Mr. Hill

GESSLER THE TYRANT .... Uncle Sam
(Who kindly obliged the Management.)

JAMES K. JONES,
General Manager.

THE CARDINAL'S ROSE

BY van TASSEL SUTPHEN

CHAPTER IV

"MR. SMITH" CHEZ LUI

TO-DAY is Tuesday, the 26th of June, and having left London at nine o'clock by the day express, we are due in Paris at five. Through the windows of the second-class carriage I can see that the country is rapidly taking on the familiar features that characterize the suburbs of great cities; in half an hour I shall be in the French capital.

So far, so good, for I had been able to make a satisfactory bargain with the Consolidated Amusement Company of London, and the interesting roll of celluloid film is safely stowed away in my Gladstone bag. Now that I have my evidence, I feel certain that my business with "Mr. Smith" will be quickly despatched. I shall tell my story as simply as I can, and then produce the cinematographic roll as ocular demonstration of my good faith. "Mr. Smith" can believe or not, as he pleases, but he can hardly doubt the sincerity of my friendly offices, and he should be properly grateful for them. He may even invite me to stay to dinner, but I shall refuse; my services up to this point have been so purely disinterested that it would be a pity to color them even by a shade of self-seeking. Having placed "Mr. Smith" under a crushing sense of obligation, I shall bow and retire. A couple of days in which to glance at Paris, and then to Scotland and St. Andrews, always remembering that I must be at Liverpool by Saturday, July 7, in time to claim my berth on the *Lucania*.

Speaking of vacations brings up the shameful remembrance that I have still neglected to write to Murchison; in decency I ought to send him a cable. But apologies at twenty-five cents a word are an expensive luxury, and I shall be back in New York almost as soon as a letter can reach him. After all, Murchison is a good fellow, and he will forgive me for keeping him waiting for so long at the Grand Central Station. Now that I think of it, there is literally nobody who is acquainted with my present whereabouts. I did not think it necessary to make a confidant of any one at the office, and I have no immediate family, with the exception of a married sister, who happens to be travelling in California. I have simply dropped out of sight for three or four weeks, and it will be time enough to explain when I choose to reappear. So long as I am at my desk by Monday, July 16, it is nobody's business where I am or what I may be doing. But, of course, I do owe Murchison an apology, and it shall be a handsome one—the best travelling-bag that money can buy in London.

More brick and mortar, and finally an interminable railway yard shut in by lofty buildings. The train slackens speed, and sways in and out over innumerable points; the guards fling open the doors of the carriages, and a uniformed porter appears at the step. We have arrived—this is the Gare du Nord, and Paris.

I installed myself at a small hotel not far away from the fashionable quarter, and having hastily removed the obvious stains of travel, I looked at my watch and considered. It was half after six, and the Rue d'Alger was but a few minutes' walk. Would it not be wise to stroll down there immediately and endeavor to see "Mr. Smith," or at least arrange for an interview to-morrow? The sooner the business is over with the better, and at this hour of the day I should be pretty sure of finding him at home. Yes; I will go.

I have decided that it will be imprudent to take along the cinematographic record upon this my preliminary visit to "Mr. Smith" *chez lui*. The Rue d'Alger is a quiet street, running from the Rivoli to the Rue St.-Honoré, and it is more than likely that my "Mr. Smith" is a member of the most respectable society. For all that my mission is a delicate one, and it will be only discreet to know with whom I have to deal. If this preliminary interview is satisfactory, nothing can be easier than to arrange for a subsequent meeting, when I can acquit myself of my self-imposed trust by placing the evidence in the proper hands. I hardly like, however, to leave the precious record at my room, nor do I care to commit it to the keeping of mine host of the Hôtel Marengo. A better plan will be to step in at the office of the New York *Herald* and ask to have the little parcel put in the safe and kept until I can call for it.

The clerk at the *Herald* office was quite willing to oblige a fellow-countryman in so trifling a request, and I made my way to the Rue d'Alger with a lightened heart.

As I had expected, number *dix-huit* turned out to be a small hotel, but it is certainly all that can be desired in the matter of appointments. It is presumably affected by wealthy people of quiet tastes, who give it a regular and profitable patronage, and the proprietor is not obliged to worry himself over the coming and going of tourists and transient custom.

I entered and inquired if a gentleman by the name of Smith was among the guests of the house. The good-looking young woman in the tiny office shook her head, doubtfully.

"Perhaps, then, 'Mister Smith.'" I made this amendment with some hesitation, but the effect was immediate.

"Mistaire Smeeth! Ah, yes; I remember now. You wish to see him?"

I offered my card, upon which I had scribbled a few words explaining that I had called in reference to an advertisement in the London *Times*. With some difficulty a servant was finally summoned and commissioned to deliver my message, and mademoiselle was good enough to provide me with a chair while I waited.

Ridiculous as it may seem, I am feeling just a trifle on edge. Is the game about to begin at last? Hitherto my rôle has been that of the solitaire player; am I now to be invited to take a seat at the table, or have the tricks been long ago played out and counted up? Well, I shall soon know; there comes the man at last.

"Will m'sieu be good enough to follow?" "Mr. Smith's" apartments are *au premier*, and comprise an extensive suite with a private hallway. I am received at the private door by a lackey and ushered into a room fitted up as a library. But I have hardly time to glance about me before a door at the farther end opens and an elderly gentleman enters. I rise, bow, and for a moment or two we face each other in silence. It is the salute, the preliminary courteous to the actual assault.

In one thing I have the advantage, for I identify "Mr. Smith" without hesitation. The thin face with white mustache and imperial, the keen eyes with their heavy brows, the missing left arm; it is he without a doubt, the old man of the little drama on Dover pier. But it is not my place to speak.

"Mr. Nicholas Cary—of London, may I ask?" This in excellent English.

"No; of New York."

"Ah, yes; an American. It is always a pleasure to meet a citizen of the Great Republic. You—ahem—have called—"

I take from my pocket-book my copy of the *Times* advertisement and hand it over. "Am I addressing Mr. Smith?"

"You may assume that I am acting for him. But pray be seated."

"Mr. Smith" adjusts his *pince-nez*, and reads the slip of paper with great attention. But I can see that he is taking the opportunity of studying me as well. He looks up suddenly.

"What is your interest in this affair, Mr—er—Cary?"

"Merely that of a stranger who desires to render a service. As a matter of fact, I know but little, and that indirectly, of the transaction."

"Transaction! Hum! That is a curious term to apply in this connection. It is a simple *loss* of which this advertisement speaks."

"As you please," I answer, indifferently. "The incident, then, occurred on March 25, the scene being the Dover pier of the mail route between London and Paris. You were a passenger, and just before the steamer sailed you lost a small packet from your despatch-box."

"Ah, it was *before* the departure of the boat—that is very interesting."

The old gentleman is assuredly an expert in the art of extracting useful information, but this is not the time to show my hand. I owe it to myself to go no further until I can back up what I have to say by the evidence of the photographic record. And so I explain rather lamely that I am ready at some subsequent interview to give all the information that I may possess on the subject. At any hour, then, in the morning that may be convenient to "Mr. Smith."

"You were an eye-witness of the—er—incident?" continues my inquisitor, with imperturbable serenity.

"No; and, in another sense, yes." I make this ambiguous statement with an embarrassing sense of its inadequacy, but what am I to do? I can't explain myself without telling the whole story, and when I do that I want the proof at hand. I half rise; I am anxious now to get away.

"Mr. Smith" put out his hand with a gesture that somehow compelled obedience, and I sank back into my chair.

"Of course, Mr. Cary, you are acquainted with the contents of this package?"

"No." I made the assertion confidently, as I had the right to do.

"You surprise me. You do not know, then, that the 'small parcel enclosed in a chamois-leather bag' contained the 'Cardinal's Rose'?"

"The 'Cardinal's Rose'?"

"Precisely. The great ruby belonging to the crown-jewels of Aetolia. It is the finest ruby in the world, and familiar to all connoisseurs in precious stones."

I explained that my acquaintance with the subject was very limited. A working newspaper man, on $1800 a year, can have but little occasion to deal in such luxuries as crown-jewels. And as for this particular "Cardinal's Rose," I had never even heard of it.

"Mr. Smith" listened with an amused smile. "Then you are equally ignorant of its value?" he inquired, abruptly.

"Absolutely so."

"The Rajah of Buddapore sold it to his Majesty Basil I. for a sum equivalent to a million of your dollars. But that was far below its real value, and it was only because the Rajah had to have the money that he sold it at all. It may be worth four or five times that amount, but, of course, a jewel like this is not quoted in the open market—it is not supposed to get there," he added, significantly.

Well, but this was a larger business than I had bargained for, and I instantly recognized that my position was a delicate one. Persons who pretend to know something about the disappearance of portable property that is valued in the millions ought to keep their credentials at hand. As it was, I had absolutely nothing to show that I was really Nicholas Cary, subeditor of the *New World* Review, and a reputable citizen of Greater New York. I had neither passport nor letter of credit, and there was no one at the American Embassy who knew me. Only by cabling could I establish my identity, and in the mean time "Mr. Smith" was waiting for his explanation.

There was but one thing to do. I would tell the story just as it was, and then ask "Mr. Smith" to accompany me to the *Herald* office for the proof. I looked up and met his eye squarely.

"I am willing to tell what I know of the affair," I said, as quietly as I could.

"Mr. Smith" smiled, and begged that I would begin at once. But before I could do so, a door opened and a third person entered the room. "Mr. Smith" turned, impatiently, and then rose and advanced rapidly towards the new-comer. A few words passed between them in an undertone. Evidently they were on the closest terms of intimacy, and I myself had some title to look upon the gentleman as an old acquaintance, none other than "Fur Coat" in person. Here was a pretty coil indeed! But I took my resolution quickly.

"Mr. Nicholas Cary, of New York," explained "Mr. Smith," with a polite inclination in my direction. And then in French: "You speak French, do you not? My friend understands little or no English."

I bowed. "Yes; but my communication was to be absolutely confidential."

"Precisely, my dear Mr. Cary; but when I inform you that this gentleman is the Chevalier du Midi, you will perceive that he is fully entitled with myself to any information that you may feel inclined to give."

Now I have not the slightest idea of who the Chevalier du Midi may be, but I do know that he is the last person in the world who should hear what I have to say. Of what use to make an open accusation, even though the photographic record might be adduced to prove my charge?

The only chance is to persist in my refusal to tell anything except to "Mr. Smith" alone. But I am afraid that it will be difficult to persuade him that I am the better judge of what is vital to his interests. No matter; I will put a bold face upon the issue thus joined.

"I must decline to speak except in private," I answered, steadily.

The General, as the young man has once or twice addressed him, frowned, and then beckoned to the embrasure of a window in the far corner of the room, where they continued for some minutes talking earnestly.

Oddly enough, I rather like the face of this young Chevalier du Midi, now that I see it in the flesh. He was to have been the villain in my melodrama, but he is not at all the sort of person that I should have cast for the part. Tall and slight, there is just the suggestion of weakness in the lines around the mouth and in the indecisively moulded chin. But a thief! a traitor! the thought is impossible. The General turned around.

"Once more, Mr. Cary, I must ask you to proceed with what you have to say."

There is the thin edge of a threat in the tones of his voice, and it irritates me. I can be stubborn too, and I am not here to see justice thwarted so egregiously.

"Impossible, General. I will speak to you in private—or not at all." I rise, and look for my hat and stick; the situation has become intolerable.

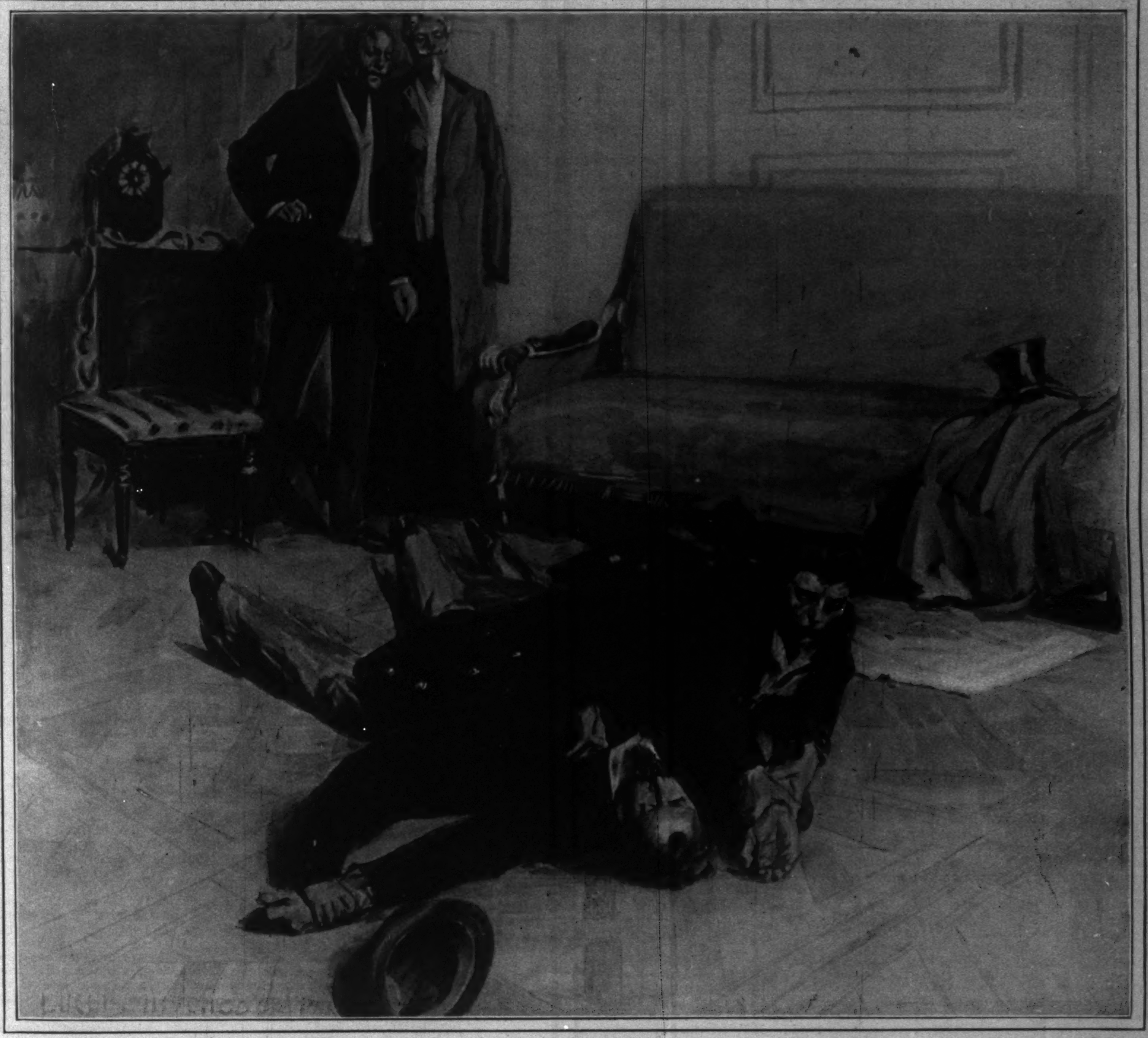
"But, my dear sir, I cannot permit you to leave until you have complied with my very reasonable request."

"I shall be in Paris until Thursday; I will give you my address."

"I should much prefer your company, my dear Mr. Cary, and—well, if you must have it—I shall insist."

There is menace, open and unmistakable, in these last words. I measure my distance to the door—one hasty stride—

Two stout fellows in livery have suddenly presented themselves from an inner apartment and are barring my way to liberty. But my blood is up now, and I lead savagely with my left at the nearest of the flunkies. The blow catches him squarely on the point of the chin, and he is flat aback against the wall. Had he gone down, I might have had a chance, but before I can turn to deal with number two, they are both upon me. Straining and tripping, the three of us thrash backward into the centre of the room. I catch one glimpse of a woman's startled face, framed in an adjacent doorway, and then we go down together in one mighty crash. My head strikes against something sharp and hard, and the rest is darkness.



THE THREE WENT DOWN TOGETHER IN A MIGHTY CRASH.

CHAPTER V

THE SPIDER'S PARLOR

WHEN I awoke, I found myself comfortably stowed away in bed, and for some minutes I lay staring up at the ceiling, trying to piece things together again, as though my mind were some sort of dissected map puzzle. Then I remembered, and on putting my hand to my head I found it carefully swathed about with bandages. It felt rather sore, but I was sure that no material damage had been done; it had been an extra hard knock, that was all. Somebody had struck me, or I had fallen—ah, now it all comes back, the struggle and my ignominious defeat. It was plain that I had not succeeded in getting clear! I must be even now enjoying the enforced hospitality of the persistent "Mr. Smith."

The room itself was in semi-darkness, but there was a gleam of yellow light bordering the heavy window-curtains. The sun was shining outside; could it be possible that the night had passed? My watch was lying upon a stand set at the head of the bed. I looked at it and saw that it was a little after eight o'clock. Surely I had not been unconscious all this time from the effects of a blow received at seven o'clock the night before. I must have slept, and soundly, too, for twelve hours at least. It was very odd; perhaps some opiate had been administered to keep me quiet. The thought startled me, and I determined to push my investigations a little further.

The room was rather small, but handsomely appointed in every way, and every possible provision had been made for my comfort. There were my clothes, neatly pressed and folded; "Mr. Smith's" valet was certainly a competent person. "Curious! but there is something familiar in the look of that portmanteau—yes, it is my own, and there is my sole-leather steamer trunk. How on earth did they get here from the Hôtel Marengo? Does 'Mr. Smith' intend that I shall make his apartments my permanent headquarters? It is very good of him, but"—I walked over to the door and felt it all over, for it must be that my eyes had tricked me. But no; they were right—there was not the vestige of a knob, on this side at least. The door in the opposite wall appeared to be in working order, but it led only to a large closet.

Really, now, but this was quite too absurd. Whoever this "General"—this "Mr. Smith" might be, he could not seriously contemplate the idea of interfering with my personal liberty, and that, too, in the very heart of civilized Paris. This was not the fourteenth century, but the nineteenth, and this exclusive family hotel, just off the crowded Rue de Rivoli, was neither a fortalice in the Apennines nor a palace on the Bosporus. The whole thing was too ridiculous!

I tried the knobless door, but there was no possible way of opening it from the inside. I knocked gently, and then furiously, but there was no response. Ah, there is the bell-pull! I will try that.

I heard footsteps and the turning of a key, and just managed to get back into bed as a servant entered, carrying a coffee-tray. I recognized in the fellow one of my adversaries of the night before. He had a big piece of black plaster on his chin, and there was the semblance of a grin lurking at the corners of his mouth as he advanced to the bedside and respectfully wished me a good-morning.

"Well?" I said, impatiently.

"The General presents his compliments, and desires the pleasure of Mr. Cary's company in the library at his earliest convenience. How will m'sieu have his bath?"

Plainly there was nothing else to be done, and I should not get very far upon any road if I stuck to my high horse. Vital proved himself an excellent valet, and the transfer of a five-franc piece quickly obliterated the unpleasant recollections of our first meeting, and placed us on the best of terms. For all that he was a singularly uncommunicative person, and although I tried hard to pump him, I got but little for my pains. The General was M. le Comte Czareska, temporarily residing in Paris, and the household comprised his daughter, Mlle. Irma, Mme. Verriker, an English lady and companion to mademoiselle, and M. le Chevalier du Midi, whom I had already met. Well, this told me nothing, and it was plain that I must look to the General for an explanation, if, indeed, he proposed giving me even that much by way of satisfaction.

I took the precaution, after dismissing the man, to see that my money and papers were intact. Nothing was missing; my gold and notes footed up to the last sou, and my solitary piece of jewelry, a heart-shaped pearl pin, was sticking in my Ascot scarf. My watch, my cigarette-case, my keys—ah, where are my keys? I always carry them in my left waistcoat-pocket. I found them at last in a coat-pocket, and as I am very methodical in such trifles, this change of location leads to but one conclusion—my clothing and trunks must have been searched while I was unconscious. The bare thought makes me furious, but it is ten o'clock, and the General is awaiting me. So much the better; he shall answer personally for this unforgivable affront.

Vital appeared at the door, in response to my ring, and indicated that I was to follow him. I found the General in the library, where I had been received the night before. He advanced to meet me, but I cut short his polite inquiries as to my health by abruptly demanding the reason for my extraordinary treatment.

"I must leave this place immediately," I concluded, staring hard at him.

"You forget, Mr. Cary, that you were to give me a certain piece of information."

"And you insisted," I retorted, "upon the admission of a third person to what was to be a strictly private conference."

"At the time—yes. Perhaps I was wrong, and at any rate that difficulty does not present itself at present. We are alone, and we shall not be interrupted."

This made me angry, but I tried to speak coolly: "Under the circumstances I shall refuse to say anything. I came here to render you a service, and you have taken an unjustifiable advantage of my confidence in your honor. Until I receive an apology, and am assured of entire liberty of action, I must remain silent."

"As to the apology, Mr. Cary, it shall be as ample as you can possibly desire. It is an unpleasant necessity which has compelled me to act as I have done, and I regret it heartily. But as to your second condition, we may as well understand each other. I shall be obliged to consider you as my guest until you see fit to answer my questions."

For the moment I am dumfounded by this audacious ultimatum. Then I feel a wild desire to meet the outrage with physical resistance. The General is an old man, the people in the street, the other guests in the hotel—it is impossible that assistance can be absolutely cut off. Let him bring on his flunkies if he will; I'll engage that the row shall reach the ears of every gendarme within a dozen blocks. Then I grow cool again. I see that in this room also the knobs have been removed from all the doors opening out into the corridor and private halls. I shall merely be exposing myself to another humiliating contest with menials, and to the consequent loss of whatever personal dignity I may still possess. I must deal with this madman in another way.

"You are aware, General Czareska, that in forcibly detaining me you are laying yourself open to serious consequences?"

"Perfectly, sir; but I am prepared to encounter them."

"I am an American citizen, and one word to the Ambassador of the United States—"

"Precisely; but that word will not be spoken."

Well, really—but the effrontery is so exquisite that I cannot help smiling. The General seizes the opening.

"My dear Mr. Cary, let us be open with each other. It is plain that you possess some information relative to the—er—disappearance of the 'Cardinal's Rose,' and the recovery of the jewel has for me an importance that is totally incommensurate with its intrinsic value, large as that may be. You are a gentleman, and I will not do you the discourtesy of asking the price of your secret. I am certain that no stigma attaches to you, whatever may have been your part in the matter; but I tell you frankly that we shall not be quit of each other until I know the truth."

"And I say to you, M. le Général, that the restoration of my self-respect—in other words, my liberty—is the sole condition upon which I will consent to open my mouth."

"When an irresistible force encounters an immovable body," returns my opponent, with entire good-humor, "the only thing left is to go in to breakfast."

He hesitated a moment, and then went on: "Of course, you can be served in your own room, if you prefer; but since our association is likely to be prolonged indefinitely, you may find it pleasanter to accept a seat at my table."

As I am very hungry, and shall spite no one but myself by refusing, I bow my acknowledgments, and we enter an adjoining apartment where the *déjeuner à la fourchette* is being served, and the General gives me the honor of a presentation to Mrs. Verriker, who is already seated. She is unmistakably British in appearance, but still a fine-looking woman. I instinctively dislike her, but I don't trouble myself to find a reason; I have mentally classed her with the celebrated Doctor Fell, and that is reason enough. Curious eyes she has; they seem to be everywhere in general and nowhere in particular. I can feel that she is studying me, even though her attention is apparently bestowed upon the contents of her soup-plate. The Chevalier is not present, and Mlle. Czareska only appears after we have been seated for a few minutes.

It is indeed the girl of Dover pier, like and yet how unlike! That first picture is still always present to my mind—the slender, swaying form, the troubled, wistful face. Quite another person is this tailor-made young woman who sweeps me over with an indifferent glance, and then applies herself to lorgnettes and letters. I think grimly that I am likely to have plenty of time in which to improve the acquaintance.

The meal is hardly a success from the social point of view. The General is amiably talkative, but Mrs. Verriker speaks only in monosyllables, and mademoiselle is openly and haughtily indifferent to us all. As for me, my head is aching again, and I am feeling blue and out of sorts. It is a relief to get back into the library, where I find the newspapers at my service, including the Paris edition of the *Herald*, out of compliment to my national predilections. After a few moments the General excuses himself, and leaves me to the resources of literature and a box of Reina Victorias.

Now I am not so childish as to make any overt attempt at escaping from my gilded cage. Even if I could succeed in breaking down one of the knobless doors, I should assuredly have to deal with Vital and Achille, and unquestionably they have their orders. It is also certain that the people of the hotel are entirely subservient to the wishes of my self-appointed host. I fall to wondering how my enemies had discovered my whereabouts at the Hôtel Marengo, and how old Beraud had been cajoled into the surrender of my luggage. But, then, money will do anything.

The thought occurs to me that I may possibly succeed in getting a message to Mr. Benton, our ambassador. If I can once gain his ear my troubles will soon be over. It is useless, any attempt at suborning the Czareska servants; they are incorruptible and devoted to their master's interest. But there is the chance of a letter addressed to the American ambassador and thrown at a venture into the street below.

I write my letter and approach the half-open window. Nobody is in sight, so here goes my bid for liberty. It falls safely to the pavement, and I then experience the mortification of seeing it carefully picked up by Achille, who emerges, as though quite by accident, from the *conciergerie* of the house across the street. A few moments later he presents it to me upon a salver, with the respectful admonition that the throwing of papers into the street is forbidden under the municipal code.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COMMON MISCONCEPTIONS OF CHINA

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL

NO one knows what the population of China is, but I think I am safe in saying that no one who has lived in that country and who has given the matter intelligent consideration believes that there are four hundred millions of people inhabiting the one million four hundred thousand square miles of area comprised in the nineteen provinces of China proper. After a residence of five years in China, and having been in six provinces, I would not estimate the population at more than two hundred millions; and my inclination is to place it much below that figure.

The expressions "teeming millions," "yellow hordes," and the like are certainly beyond the mark if not absurd. for the people of China do not teem, if by that is meant that they are so prolific that they overrun the country. I know of no other country in the world where wild game is as plentiful as in China, and I think no argument is required to prove that that country is not overpopulated in which, without protective laws, boar, deer, pheasants, duck, snipe, and other game are so abundant that, excepting fish, they constitute the cheapest form of animal food.

The truth is that the Chinese share with us the seemingly human fondness for mere bigness. They are at once ignorant of any facts in relation to population, and have no such education as to enable them to even comprehend the numbers they use. For example, history records an earthquake in Peking whereby four hundred thousand persons were destroyed. Whatever the population might have been, that would be unlikely, and when it is considered that the population could hardly have been over half a million, the story simply becomes a case in point. Within the walls of the two cities of Peking—the Tartar and Chinese cities—there is not an area of more than fifteen square miles covered with habitable and inhabited houses; and by law houses are restricted to one story in height. It is easy to imagine how densely crowded the houses would be with even half a million people in them, yet the present estimated population of Peking is one million, and a generation ago it was said to be four millions.

When I was in Canton in 1874 that section of the country was visited by a terrible typhoon. It certainly was a fearful storm, and the water of the river so flooded the country that a small British gunboat was left by the receding waters fully two miles from the banks of the river. A great many persons must have perished; I do not believe any effort was ever made to learn how many. The day following the storm, however, the story was told and accepted that twenty thousand persons had been drowned. I went up and down the river and did not count the dead even by hundreds.

Chili, the province in which Peking is situated, is about a quarter larger than New York State, and in the estimation of population is credited with about five times as great a number as New York. The utter absurdity of this must be apparent to any one who has travelled in the province and noted the great uncultivated wastes, the long stretches of sparsely settled country, the soil that could not by any possibility of tenderest, most careful culture yield food for even so temperate a people as the Chinese if they were as numerous as stated.

It is a knowledge of the exaggerations in regard to population that makes it impossible to believe the stories of the armies now in existence in China. Then, too, the stories of the massacre of native Christians. It must surely be glorious and gratifying news to the missionary body that there are so many converts in China. Their work has been nobly crowned if it be true that there is such a thing as a city of ten thousand native Christians—or was, for the newspapers of a few days ago contained telegraphic information of the massacre of them all.

It has always seemed to me that the difficulty in understanding the Chinaman was chiefly the difficulty in obtaining a correct point of view. The mental processes of the average Chinese are those of a child. He is not taught to reason, and his education is a mere exercise in memory. He lacks background and perspective. If one would comprehend the attitude of the Chinese toward Western ideas, let him select the most ignorant person he can find and try to discuss a subtle ethical question with him. That question will be as comprehensible to him as an ordinary Western idea to the Chinaman.

With such a people "yellow danger" has nothing in common. There may be great possibilities in the Chinese people, but the conclusions that have been arrived at in regard to them are mostly founded on false premises. Because the Japanese have accomplished so much in so short a time, it does not follow that the Chinese are capable of the same achievements. The Japanese are and were a people in love with life, characterized by an intense feeling of nationality, and absolutely homogeneous.

To the Chinese life is a dull, hard fact, death a mere release; he has no idea of nationality, no common interest with even the dwellers in the next province, not so much as a common language, for the man of one province speaks a dialect so different from his of the next that they cannot converse together, unless they be educated, in which case they resort to the mandarin dialect, as the scholars of Europe formerly did to Latin.

It may almost be said that ancestral worship is the only idea which the people of China have in common, unless, perhaps, it be hatred of the government. They do not dislike Christianity as such, since religious belief is a matter of indifference to them. Buddhism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism, Taoism, are really but names to the Chinese, so much more real and essential is ancestral worship. If the missionaries would but tack ancestral worship on to Christianity there would be no religious difficulty to contend against. The Chinaman is not at all intolerant, because he is too indifferent.

The ordinary Chinaman in his every-day walk is a mild, peace-loving, good-tempered creature, especially kind to children. He makes the tenderest of nurses, and is frequently employed in that capacity by foreigners, who know that their children will be kindly treated by him. And yet we hear stories of the awful brutality and cruelty of the Chinese mobs. Was there ever a mob that was not brutal and cruel? A mob will probably always do the worst it knows, and the Chinaman has been taught by the commonest legal processes of his country to know more forms of cruelty than the ordinary human being. Torture is employed freely and openly, so that the infliction of suffering becomes a mere spectacle in China. I have often seen parents amusing their little children by helping them to torture rats, cats, or dogs. Then, too, there is no doubt that the Chinese are less sensitive to pain than we are, which must be taken into account in considering their cruelty.

I have read and I have heard it stated that because of his perfect indifference to death the Chinaman will, when properly led, make a formidable soldier. It is an unconvincing statement. He is indifferent to death, and cases are common enough of his selling himself to die in the place of a convicted criminal, and then dying stoically. A criminal able to pay fifty dollars for a substitute and something more to bribe the law can usually escape. But it surely would be a sorry army that was composed of men to whom life was a hopeless, dull, almost intolerable thing. And life to the average Chinaman is that. He is not aggressive, not warlike, not courageous. He is willing to die, provided that the whole of his body shall be buried with suitable rites by his family; but he fears nothing so much as death without those rites; and dismemberment is more than disgraceful and shameful, since it places him at a marked disadvantage in that world to come in which he has been taught he will find indemnification for his troubles in this.

Patriotism is not even a visionary thing to the Chinaman; it is non-existent. He has a burial-place to fight for, perhaps, but in our sense no country. His government is corrupt beyond belief, and is alien. It does not protect, but plunders him. The Tartar ostentatiously despises the Chinaman, and flouts him by words and deed and law. The Tartar soldiery is in evidence in every large city, and is notable for its arrogant, insolent attitude toward the subjugated native. In Peking the Tartars have a walled city of their own, in which none of the despised Chinese may reside, but out of which they must go at night into their own adjoining city.

Why, then, should these "yellow hordes" arise in aggressive spirit? What common impulse is there to animate those who have nothing in common? That all over China to-day there are threatened uprisings is only because that is the normal condition of the country, the people being so oppressed that rebellion is always latent. It is the crushed worm that is turning. I could never see that the foreigner, as such, was hated; but the literary class, with an education that is worse than none, and which is more narrowing than ignorance, sees in the foreigner the iconoclast, the barbarian who respects none of the most sacred traditions of China, and it is a mere instinct with the literati to rouse feeling against the invader. The superstition of the people is appealed to; the missionaries, with their subversive theories of religion and ethics, are pointed at; the most childish and improbable stories are told and repeated over the empire. If a riot takes place the literati are always at hand to take advantage of it, and if possible turn the mob against the foreigners. And to a mob, one object is usually as good as another, particularly if there be a promise of plunder. These uprisings are sporadic, however, even if simultaneous, and I think there is no doubt that the cause of them is always hatred of the government, even if the occasional result is the destruction of foreigners.

I find myself sceptical of the existence of the well-organized armies of which we read in cable despatches. There has been too little time since the Japanese war for well-organized armies to be made of the unpromising material at hand in China; but if that were not so, conditions must be considered. Enormous sums of money are required to get together and equip an army of a million men. Suppose the money obtained, it must pass through the hands of officials of incredible corruption, who do not ignore, but who do not comprehend any higher motive than self-interest. To suppose that no more than three-quarters of the money would be stolen before its destined end was reached would be to be guilty of childish credulity. Dishonesty in China has reached very nearly the high-water mark of the complete absence of honesty. Just about enough honesty remains to be available for purpose of contrast. And untruth is normal, truth abnormal. There is no oath sacred enough to compel truth; hence the universal application of torture in the courts.

THE DRAMA

BY LAWRENCE REAMER

THE book promises to be as much the thing as the play this winter. Every work of fiction that has met with any measurable degree of popularity in the past few years is to find its way to the stage during this season, and announcements from the managers read like the publishers' catalogues. The theatre has its fashions, which constantly change. The vogue of the dramatized novel has never before been so great here. In the middle eighties, when fiction was transferred promptly to the stage, theatrical enterprise was not nearly so extended. But comparatively there was no such demand then to see the figures of popular romance incarnated. The present use of fiction in the theatre, however, indicates something more than the direction of public taste. The number of plays supplied yearly is far below the demand. Dramatists of tried ability as well as the aspiring novice furnish ample material; but only a small part of it is capable of attaining the success necessary to commercial prosperity. As a result of this deficiency, managers are always seeking plays to satisfy the public demand for good ones, for that has been proved practically inexhaustible. Public support of such successful works as *Secret Service*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and *The Little Minister* is sufficient to ensure a fortune to the Entrepreneur who succeeds in acquiring such a property. The search for such a work exhausts many plays, but the manager is always seeking, in the hope that one may come out of the long list of dramas that yearly meet failure or moderate prosperity. Our own writers for the stage have proved unequal to producing the supply. The foreign dramatists cannot contribute now to the American stage with the same success they did a score of years ago. Thus, with the constant demand for new plays from the managers and no response from the dramatists, the chances for the authors of fiction could not have been better. The professional writer for the stage might not be able to conceive intrigue, picture character, or invent humor, but he could utilize the technical side of his craft to put qualities existing in a novel into the form that the rules of the theatre demand. This might indeed be done by men who claim no more than the skill of the stage-manager. The number of plays made possible by using all the books that had become in any degree popular was sufficient to satisfy the demand this year. So the greater share of the dramatic supply for the American stage has come from the bookshelves; and if the contemporary drama succeeds in absorbing permanently some of the freshness, literary finish, and originality characteristic of the best fiction of the day, the vogue of the novel on the stage may in the future be looked upon as a blessing. Perhaps its advantages just at present are not so striking.

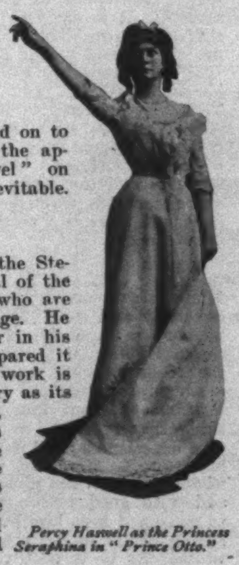
Grace Filkins as the Countess Van Rosen in "Prince Otto."

* * *

THREE plays that came from this prevailing source have been given in New York this winter. Robert Louis Stevenson's *Prince Otto*, Winston Churchill's *Richard Carvel*, and F. Hopkinson Smith's *Caleb West* were the varied originals that inspired three dramatists. The Stevenson novel, which it was the author's first intention to write as a comedy in blank verse, had escaped the playwright hitherto, and "Caleb West" might never have been seen in dramatic form had not the call for the novel on the stage been so loud. Certainly "Richard Carvel" was entirely the result of the second cause. The dramatic phases of the romance would never have appealed to the playwright at any other time. More than either of the other two plays, it satisfied the most important of the conditions demanded for the novel on the stage. A great public already exists for it. Of the thousands who read a book, a certain number can always be counted on to make up its audiences. So the appearance of "Richard Carvel" on the stage at this time was inevitable.

* * *

OTIS SKINNER'S use of the Stevenson romance is typical of the methods of the playwrights who are preparing books for the stage. He is not only the leading actor in his version of the story, but prepared it himself. Nothing about the work is so much like the original story as its name. There are, to be sure, suggestions of Stevenson's satirical romance in the story, and occasionally in the relations that the characters bear to one another. But the whole intent of the original work appears so perverted and degraded that one can scarcely forgive Mr. Skinner, in spite of his modest acknowledgment that he has made use of but two episodes from the novel. That apology is a poor one for maltreating an author's work. It is easy enough for any adapter to say that he has really taken from a play directly only this incident or that. He may transfer no more bodily, but it happens seldom that he does not take enough to distress admirers of such a novel as *Prince Otto*. Nearly all of the characters familiar to its readers appear in one form or another. The *Princess Seraphina* is devoted to the highest interests of her country, and a model sovereign indignant at her husband for his neglect of duties, rather than the half-serious, wholly charming plotter of the novel. She is a shrewish blue-stocking, and the *Countess Van Rosen*, illusive, piquant, and tantalizing in the story, is a conventional melodrama adventuress sprinkling her conversation with German and French. The character of the vacillating weak prince is made to conform to the standards demanded by romantic melodrama, and that explains sufficiently the base use to which this delightful but unheroic figure has been put. It seems strange that the character of *Gondremark*, which conforms more closely than any other in the story to merely theatrical requirements, should not have tempted the dramatist to emphasize his qualities. But Mr. Skinner was writing the play for himself, and *Otto* was kept in mind. His own sound, expert, and intelligent, if not brilliant, acting, and the generally capable performance of his associates, made the play on its own merits a fairly interesting specimen of romantic melodrama. Its scenes have picturesqueness and some novelty, and its mild dramatic elements occasionally throb with some intensity. It is only viewed as a dramatic use of the Stevenson play that it is scarcely to be tolerated with patience. As Mr. Skinner has denied that he puts the play forward with that claim, his work may be accepted as an agreeable feature of the new season, even if it is impossible to agree in his contention that he has used only two episodes in *Prince Otto*. He would deserve gratitude from most of Stevenson's admirers if he had helped himself so sparingly.


Percy Haswell as the Princess Seraphina in "Prince Otto."

* * *

Otis Skinner in the title part of "Prince Otto."

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S *Richard Carvel* lacks even the dramatic elements that lie in *Prince Otto*, and only by the most episodic treatment would it be possible to transfer the characters of that long story to the stage with any pretence of presenting the widely read romance. Edward Rose has taken scenes that show the hero in his Maryland home, in London opposing the marriage of the beloved *Dorothy* to her titled lover, in the moment of his escape from a conspiracy to murder him, and finally united to *Dorothy* at Carvel Hall. The opening act in its lack of directness is almost enough to make the audiences at the Empire despair of deriving from the number of characters and the confusion which obscures them any straightforward impression of the story. But the first act is luckily the weakest that the play contains, and a dramatist may usually be pardoned for that, even if his task is less difficult than the condensation of a long novel into the limits of a theatre evening. There are a few agreeable incidents in the second act, and the general impression it leaves on the spectators is agreeable. A bit of crude and sudden melodrama ends the third act effectively. These two acts are probably enough to insure the play prosperity, since they are united to the great popularity of the novel. Without that element no drama could be expected to have even a brief career with the few intrinsic merits that "Richard Carvel" possesses on the stage. Here is unmistakably a play that would never have been accepted on its own merits by the public, if indeed it had ever reached the stage. Every circumstance is favorable, however, to its present success, and not the least potent of these is John Drew's performance of the leading rôle. Mr. Drew's admirers would never prefer to see him in a romantic atmosphere, and as an impassioned hero of youthful adventure he is certainly not at his best. But his easy grace and distinction of bearing, his agreeable diction and his obvious command of all the resources of his art, are especially welcome now when the task of representing the qualities of romantic heroes has been so largely intrusted to young men of the requisite physical appearance, whatever their artistic qualifications may be. Mr. Drew's return to a line of acting in which he won some recognition in the earlier days of his career, only proves his superiority to those who would be his successors, even when he is not at the thing he can do best. Ida Conquest, who appears with him for the first time in a leading rôle, would have introduced herself more advantageously in the kind of play recently associated with Mr. Drew's name. But she is easily the most interesting of the younger women of the stage to-day. "Richard Carvel," whatever its career may be—and the play seems likely to endure prosperously for a season or more—shows the dramatized novel in a light that makes it seem more than ever imperative for the American dramatist to return to creative work; freed from the limitations that a novel imposes, however lightly they may be regarded, any return to that field will be welcomed.

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WHEN Michael Morton set out to make a play out of *Caleb West* he struggled against none of the problems that made their task so difficult for Messrs. Skinner and Rose. The intrigue in F. Hopkinson Smith's story of New London life is compact enough, and has long been the property of the stage—and a valued property, moreover, that has proved its effectiveness in many plays. The young wife of a husband who seems to think more of his work than he does of her listens to the words of a lover. For a moment she falters in her loyalty and leaves her husband's home, only to be brought back willingly by one of his friends. She is forgiven, of course, and after a while even the neighbors who eyed her askance welcome her back into their rather disagreeable society. The difficulty with "Caleb West" was to find incident enough for a four-act play, rather than to eliminate sufficient to condense a work within existing stage limits. Much of Mr. Smith's novel was not available for the stage, but it was not an essential part of the story, and could be spared without damage to intelligibility. "Caleb West," the play, makes no such pretentious appeal as either of the two works discussed above. But it pleased its first audience at the Manhattan, and seems certain to please many more. It has the popular quality that a sympathetic story imparts. Probably its "heart interest," as the jargon of the profession has it, will always be found its strongest feature, and that is an element of advantage to every play from a material view-point, however it may affect its artistic quality. There are agreeable embellishments to the central theme that are also in favor of the piece's success. These qualities have won success for plays of less powerful central motives than "Caleb West" possesses. It is in a class distinctly different from "Richard Carvel" and "Prince Otto"; so is "Ib and Little Christina," which is seen at the Madison Square in advance of "The Husbands of Leontine."

May Buckley as Betty in "Caleb West."

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THE dramatist's work in this play was slight. Basil Hood has just put into dialogue three scenes from Hans Andersen's fairy tale, which are quite undramatic, and, as they are presented now, ineffective in every way. It is possible to conceive that a poetic atmosphere might have provided some excuse for the performance of these three scenes, which create no dramatic illusion, and are presented in very literal and unimaginative fashion. Here they are quite futile. The merriment of Alfred Capus's "The Husbands of Leontine" needs no such dreary prelude. Parisian humor really can have a novel flavor. French dramatists are expert in making new and piquant combinations out of familiar ingredients. None of their plays has ever shown that more strikingly than "The Husbands of Leontine." It deals of course with the customary situations of French farce. But there are novelty and ingenuity in the fun that make this latest specimen of Palais Royal farce the best of its kind seen in many a day. Its author is comparatively a new-comer in this field. He is already the equal of his predecessors in technical ingenuity, and has a decided freshness of treatment. Else it would never have been possible to squeeze so much humor out of the threadbare idea of "The Husbands of Leontine." If the translation retained any of the wit that seasoned the original text, this brisk farce would be more amusing that the unimaginative and commonplace language of the version admits. In spite of the baldness of its speech and the changes in situation made to render the play possible here, there is enough humor to indicate M. Capus as a worthy associate of MM. Bisson and Feydeau, if he is not, indeed, their superior in the qualities that give vitality and spirit to these farces.

Ysobel Haskins as Mrs. Leroy in "Caleb West."

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

MR. STANCHFIELD, the Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, is an Elmira man, and the *World* the other day in summing up his merits and defects set it down as a thing not to his credit that he had long been a stanch ally and supporter of the man whom the *World* sees fit to designate as "Brute Brockway."

Mr. Brockway is the man who made the Elmira Reformatory one of the most famous prison schools known throughout the world. In America and Europe his methods for reforming young criminals have long been studied, approved, and imitated. The work which they were designed to accomplish has been exceedingly difficult, and in many cases impossible; yet the percentage of success has been remarkably high. Some years ago the *World* accused Mr. Brockway of excessive severity in punishing inmates of the Reformatory who broke his rules. He was investigated by the State Board of Charities and vindicated, though as a consequence of this investigation a limit was put on his authority to inflict punishment. Governor Roosevelt, when he came into office, made many changes in the board of managers of the Reformatory. Some of the new managers distrusted Mr. Brockway's judgment and were disposed to restrict his powers. Finally, when one after another of his supporters had resigned from the board and been replaced by new men, Mr. Brockway resigned his office of superintendent, and the control of the Reformatory passed out of his hands. This happened about two months ago. Mr. Brockway is an old man, past seventy, and possibly it was as well that he should lay aside the heavy responsibilities that he has borne so long and with such distinction.

The *World*, which has warred against him with such acrimony, has rejoiced, of course, at his retirement. But he is far from being a discredited man. The merits of the remarkable system that he introduced at Elmira are recognized and conceded. Probably his administration was not perfect. Perfection in anything is somewhat rare. But the allegations of wanton cruelty made against him by the *World* rest on a sort of evidence that is exceedingly untrustworthy. It has yet to be proved that his severity was not essentially merciful. It has yet to be demonstrated that the necessary discipline which he enforced can be maintained by milder methods than he used, or that results as good as he obtained can be obtained by better means than he employed. "Wait a bit," says a contemporary, who comments on Brockway and his critics. "Wait a bit. We shall see that the grindstone goes round easily enough, but that nothing is ground thereby." That is the point. The Elmira Reformatory may possibly be made more agreeable to incorrigibles than it has heretofore been, but that will not in itself attest that Mr. Brockway's management has been bettered.

For many years Mr. Brockway has devoted himself to the service of the public. Among those best qualified to judge there has been no question about his great usefulness. The Boston *Transcript* quotes one of the prison-inspectors from the national Department of Justice as saying of him: "Brockway was one of the greatest prison-managers in the United States. I make the prediction that the Elmira Reformatory will never be the same thing it was under him." It is to be hoped that this prediction won't come true, but it is the present management of the Reformatory that is on trial, rather than Mr. Brockway. His record is made.

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AN exceedingly popular form of amusement, which has no close season, though it falls off very much in midsummer, is surging up again now into a mighty tide of activity. The great game of shopping is again in full swing. On the whole, there is no sort of entertainment that has so great a vogue or costs so much money. Golf doesn't compare with it as a popular sport. Not many persons realize how much fun it is to buy things, or how much pleasurable excitement they get out of it. Women, of course, are most devoted to it, but there are pretty good buyers among the men too.

Women buy clothes and household effects chiefly, letting themselves run over into such other delights of purchase as their purses and their consciences permit. It is hard work, and they often exhaust themselves in the labor of it, and make most of that when they discourse about it. They seldom recognize that it is a labor they delight in, or admit its importance to their happiness. Chicago laments the retirement from active participation in this great pursuit of one of its most notable ornaments. She is Mrs. O'Neill, the wife of O'Neill the Barley King, who lately sustained reverses. The gentlemen who chronicle the wonderful things that happen in Chicago speak of Mrs. O'Neill with admiration as a woman who believed in the lauded economy of getting the best, and whose bill in a single shop, run up in a short time, was $25,000. She bought anything that was good—books, jewels, furs, silks, laces—whatever attracted her. Sad to say, her gowns, or some of them, were lately sold at auction, and at last accounts there was a deputy-sheriff in charge of herself and the residue of her effects at her rooms in the Grand Pacific Hotel. Harvest-time seems to have been cut somewhat short in her case, but she gathered in what she could.

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THE present paragrapher noticed with interest the other day in an important newspaper published in one of the larger cities of New York State an account in detail, half a column long, of the recent appearance of Mrs. Eddy, the Christian Science seeress, at the State fair in Concord, New Hampshire. The piece had a prominent place, and an extended heading in big type, such as is given to important telegraphic news, but from peculiarities of type and other marks it was suspected that it was a paid advertisement. So it was, as was ascertained by inquiry of the manager of the newspaper. This is the first instance the present writer has noticed of the employment by Eddyites of patent-medicine methods. It is a natural development. There is a great deal of money now invested in Eddyism, and a good many persons get their living by it. No doubt skilful advertisement of its founder's triumphs is worth to some one whatever it costs.

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THE loosening of the purse-strings of New York is always an interesting process. There is a deal of money in that purse, and on occasion it can come out, but the occasion must be out of common. New York has not much local pride, and extorting money from it for local objects has often been found to be very hard work. It is cosmopolitan and metropolitan, and the appeals to which it responds most freely are those which come home to it as a centre having close relations with every other commercial centre in the world. Galveston's distresses evidently touched it deeply, and its response has been quick and very generous.

No wonder! The Galveston story has been enough to move a far more self-centred community than ours. Its horrors grew steadily for a week. The tale of its losses of life and property steadily lengthened day after day, till one wondered not so much what was gone as what was left. The response of the whole country has been generous, yet at this writing Governor Sayers says that not nearly so much money has come in as has been reported, and that the relief fund is not yet as big as it must be to do the work that is to be done. Two million dollars the Governor calls for to clear up the ruined city and give it a chance to find its legs, and to take care of orphans, and give survivors who lost everything the necessaries that are indispensable to beginning life again. The story of desolation has been terrific. Let us hope that the story of relief and restoration may be notable also, and fit to be recorded and remembered with the other.

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MR. GEORGE WILLIS COOKE has been going to church during the past year in several towns near Boston, and has made observation of church attendance in that part of the country. He notices that about three women go to church to every man that goes, and, curiously enough, that the more liberal the doctrinal teaching, the smaller is the proportion of men in church. Thus in the Unitarian churches which he has been to he has found about four women to one man; in Baptist churches three women to one man; in Universalist churches about two women to one man. But he says where the preacher is a radical thinker, who keeps fully abreast of modern opinion, men go to hear him as readily as women, or more so. He thinks that not more than one-eighth of the population keeps away from church altogether, and that not more than one-half the population is identified with any church. He believes that the falling off in church-going is due, not to bicycles, nor golf, nor Sunday newspapers, but to the fact that the questions which men are really concerned to have answered receive almost no attention in the churches. Men are indifferent to what they hear. It is not that they reject, but that they are apathetic. It is not that there is less interest in religious questions, but that the religious questions of the day and the hour are not answered in church. "The trouble seems to be that the preachers are living in a world that no longer has an existence. The men of to-day are not thinking the thoughts that are uttered in the pulpits." Personal interest in religious questions was never so great, Mr. Cooke thinks, as it is now, and the real preacher has an opportunity such as no other age has ever presented. Very likely his opinion is well founded, but real preachers, like real poets, are born and not made, and not very many of them are, or ever have been, born. Maybe we ought to wonder not that great teachers of religion are scarce, but that there are so many fair preachers who do so much good work.

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DR. LORIMER, a well-known and very successful minister in Boston, has lately excited the commentators of the press by declining to accept an addition of a thousand dollars to his salary. He said that the seven thousand dollars which his congregation was already paying him sufficed for his simple needs. That, of course, is credible, for Judge Robert Grant has demonstrated in books that it is possible to live modestly in Boston on $7000 a year. Yet it is not certain that Dr. Lorimer has done well to discourage the liberality of his flock. It is good for congregations to pay large salaries to their ministers. It is a good precedent for ministers to receive considerable salaries. It helps to make the profession attractive to able men. Moreover, some very admirable ministers have liked big salaries. Bishop Brooks was one. He did not want to concern himself about money, and did not object to having plenty enough, so that he could bestow his mind elsewhere. In New York there are many ministers who do not shrink from receiving considerably more than $8000 a year, but then New York is a bigger town than Boston, and it costs more to breathe its air.

◆

A CONTEMPORARY newspaper suggests that the wholesale use of cremation in ridding Galveston of the bodies of its dead affords an object-lesson which will be useful in promoting the more general acceptance of cremation as a substitute for burial. Perhaps so. As it is, there is very little prejudice against cremation, though a preference for it is still regarded as a token of advanced opinions. The late Bishop Coxe objected to it on religious grounds, and considered it unchristian, but his feelings about it were never very widely shared. Most of us prefer interment because we are used to it. There is a sentiment in favor of interment which does not reason, but which is natural and very strong. But cremation is convenient, economical, and satisfactory. The bigger our great cities grow, the more it will recommend itself to thoughtful persons who live in them.

◆

THE New Woman has been offered to Japan and declined with thanks. So says the Marquis Ito, who, more than any one else, is responsible for the transformation that has come over Japan. He is, and has long been, Japan's prime minister. A correspondent of the London *Mail*, who lately talked with him, represents him as saying that Japan is not so entirely pleased with the Western civilization as is generally supposed. The lives of the representatives of Western morals whom the Japanese have had a chance to observe have not impressed the observers as being more exemplary than their own. European Christianity, armed to the teeth, seems to the Japanese to have conspicuous defects, and the marquis says there is in Japan to-day a strong reactionary party that is working to bring back old Japan in its highest and best aspects. The rising generation in Japan is much less influenced, the marquis says, by European ideas than the generation to which he himself belongs. That generation went to school twenty-five years ago to foreign teachers, but to-day the Japanese youth have Japanese teachers, and foreign teachers are rare. The old religion of Japan has pretty much passed away, but Christianity has not yet superseded it, and the marquis does not think it necessary that it should. He did think at one time that it was expedient that it should be adopted as a state religion, but now, he says, he is inclined to sympathize with thoughtful Japanese who hold that no "country can be benefited by playing fast and loose with religion and the deeper matters of what they call the soul." Still he sees the need of religion, especially for the training of the young, who are no longer trained to be dutiful and reverent to their parents and seniors, according to the precepts of Confucius, and are growing up rough and ungentle in consequence.

As for the New Woman, the marquis says he wished to raise the status of Japanese women, and to that end established schools for girls with foreign teachers. But the result was not satisfactory. The girls grew rough and noisy like their brothers, learned foreign dances, and shocked the Japanese ideas of modesty. So the girls' schools were not approved. "I soon found," says the marquis, "that if a woman lost her old conventions there was no telling when or where she would stop."

◆

FOR our country there seem to be no serious misgivings about the expediency of giving girls all the education that they want. The University of Rochester has just become a coeducational college, being assisted to that advancement by the sum of $50,000 which was raised by women who wanted the change made. Still more significant is the opening this fall of Trinity College in Washington, a Roman Catholic institution, said to be the first college for the higher education of girls that the Catholics have started. It is the only one in the world. Cardinal Gibbons is president of its advisory board. It is under the control of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur, who hope, we are told, to make it rank with Vassar, Wellesley, and other colleges of that class. Twenty-seven acres of land in the northwestern part of Washington, near the Catholic University and the Soldiers' Home, have been bought for its site, and it stands with one building large enough for fifty students and the corps of teachers. Catholic women and sisterhoods throughout the country are interested in it, and there is a prospect that it will receive abundant support.

◆

THE great company of novel-readers have taken a lively and solicitous interest in the marriage, on September 19, of Mr. Paul Leicester Ford and Miss Grace Kidder, of Brooklyn. Mr. Ford's services to the reading public have been so important and so much appreciated, and the expectation of further entertainment from him is so confident, that everything that promises to increase the scope of his human experiences is of importance to a great number of his fellows. Moreover, there are thousands of us to whom Mr. Ford has given pleasure, and who naturally and with good reason rejoice at whatever promises to make and keep him happy. The folks in Mr. Ford's stories marry in due time and live happily ever afterwards. So be it with the author of their beings.

When the Hounds are Out. By F. S. Palmer

HIGH in a birch, like a carven bird,
A gray grouse stands—for he has heard;
Even the squirrel does not stir,
Crouching, a frightened tuft of fur;
Glad of its wings the wood-hawk soars,
The shelldrake leaves the forest shores,
Along the brook no young mink play,
Black bear has heard and hurried away,
Splashed through a pool and leaped to a spruce—
'Tis hush and hide when the hounds are loose!
Far back in the spruce a pond lies brown
And by it a deer had lain her down,
A slender deer who wakes to hear
The cry that crazed the bear with fear,
That turned the grouse to a carven thing,
That drove the hawk to take to wing,—
The cry of hounds that howl their way
Fierce on her trail of yesterday.
No hope for her in thicket to hide;
Lithe limb must tire and her throbbing side
Must tell of a long race bravely run
If she be alive at set of sun.
In brush-filled valley, on beechy hill,
The life of the forest is strangely still,
And waits to hark with straining ear
Till fades afar the hunt of the deer,
And the wood, unvexed by hounds and men,
Takes heart and breathes and smiles again.

*Mr. Dooley**

NO. XXXIX.—ON THE AMERICAN STAGE

"I'VE niver been much iv a hand f'r th' theaytre," said Mr. Dooley. "Whin I was a young man an' Crosby's Opry House was r-runnin' I used to go down wanst in a while an' see Jawn Dillon throwin' things around f'r th' amusemint iv th' popylace, an' whin Shakspere was played I often had a seat in th' gal'ry, not because I liked th' actin', d'ye mind, but because I'd heerd me frind Hogan speak iv Shakspere. He was a good man, that Shakspere, but his pieces is full iv th' ol' gags that I heerd whin I was a boy. Th' throuble with me about goin' to plays is that no matther where I set I could see some hired man in his shirt-sleeves argyin' with wan iv his frinds about a dog fight while *Romeo* was makin' th' kind iv love ye wuddent want ye'er daughter to hear to *Juliet* in th' little bur-rd-cage they calls a balcony. It must 've been because I wanst knowed a man be th' name iv Gallagher that was a scene-painter, that I cud niver get mesilf to th' point iv concedin' that th' mountains that other people agreed was manny miles in th' distance, was in no danger iv bein' rubbed off th' map be th' coat-tails iv wan iv th' principal char-ackters. An' I always had me watch out to time th' moon whin 'twas shoved acrost th' sky an' th' record-breakin' iv day in th' robbers' cave, where th' robbers don't dare f'r to shtep on a rock f'r fear they'll stave it in. If day iver broke on th' level th' way it does on th' stage 'twud tear th' bastin'-threads out iv what Hogan calls th' firmymint. Hogan says I haven't got th' dhramatic delusion, an' he must be r-right, f'r ye can't make me believe that twinty years has elapsed, whin I know that I've on'y had time to pass th' time iv day with th' bartinder nex' dure.

"Plays is upside down, Hinnissy, an' inside out. They begin with a full statement iv what's goin' to happen an' how it's goin' to come out, an' thin ye're asked to forget what ye heerd an' be surprised be th' outcome. I always feel like goin' to th' office an' gettin' me money or me lithograph pass back afther th' first act.

"Th' way to write a play is f'r to take a book an' write it over hind end foremost. They're puttin' all books on th' stage nowadays. Fox's 'Book iv Martyrs' has been done into a three-act farce-comedy, an'll be projooced be Della Fox, th' author, nex' summer. Webster's 'Onabridge Ditchnry' will be brought out as a society dhrama with eight hundhred thousan' char-ackters. Th' 'Constitution iv th' United States' (a farce) be Willum McKinley is runnin' to packed houses, with th' cillybrated thradeejan Aggynaldoo as th' villain. In th' sixteenth scene iv th' last act they'se a naygur lynchin'. James H. Wilson, th' author iv 'Silo an' Ensilage, a story f'r boys,' is dhramatizin' his cillybrated wurruk an' will follow it with a dhramatic version iv 'Sugar-Beet Culture,' a farm play. 'Th' Familiar Lies iv Li Hung-Chang' is expicted to do well in th' provinces, an' Hostetter's Almanac has all dates filled. I undherstand th' Bible'll be r-ready f'r th' stage undher th' direction iv Einstein an' Opperman befure th' first iv th' year. Some changes have been niciss'ry f'r to adapt it to stage purposes, I see be th' pa-apers. Th' authors has become convinced that Adam an' Eve must be carrid through th' whole play, so they have considerably lessened th' time between th' creation an' th' flood an' have made Adam an English nobleman with a shady past, an' th' Divvle a Fr-rinch count in love with Eve. They're rescued be Noah, th' faithful boatman, who has a comic naygur son."

"I see be th' pa-aper th' stage is goin' to th' dogs, what with its Sappho's an' th' like iv that," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, it isn't what it used to be," said Mr. Dooley, "in th' days whin 'twas th' purpose iv th' hero to save th' honest girl fr'm th' clutches iv th' villain in time to go out with him an' have a shell iv beer at th' Dutchman's downstairs. In th' plays nowadays th' hero is more iv a villain thin th' villain himsilf. He's th' sort iv a man that we used to heave pavin'-shtones at whin he come out iv th' stage-dure iv th' Halstead Sthreet Opry House. To be a hero ye've first got to be an Englishman, an' as if that wasn't bad enough ye've got to have committed as manny crimes as th' late H. H. Holmes. If he'd been bor-rn in England he'd be a hero. Ye marry a woman who swears an' dhrinks an' bets on th' races an' ye quarrel with her. Th' r-rest iv th' play is made up iv har-rd cracks be all th' char-ackters at each other's morals. This is called repartee be th' larned an' Hogan. Repartee is where I say, 'Ye stole a horse,' an' ye say, 'But think iv ye'er wife!' In Ar-rchy R-road 'tis called disordherly conduct. They'se another play on where a man r-runs off with a woman that's no betther thin she ought to be. He bates her an' she marries a burglar. Another wan is about a lady that ates dinner with a German. He bites her an' she hits him with a cabbage. Thin they'se a play about an English gintleman iv th' old school who thries to make a girl write a letther f'r him, an' if she don't he'll tell on her. He doesn't tell an' so he's rewarded with th' love iv th' heroine, an honest English girl out f'r th' money.

"Nobody's marrid in th' modern play, Hinnissy, an' that's a good thing, too, f'r anny wan that got marrid wud have th' worst iv it. In th' ol' times th' la-ads that announces what's goin' to happen in th' first act, always promised ye a happy marredge in th' end, an' as ivrybody's lookin' f'r a happy marredge, that held th' aujeence. Now ye know that the hero with th' wretched past is goin' to elope with th' dhrunken lady an' th' play is goin' to end with th' couples prettily divorced in th' centher iv th' stage. 'Tis called real life, an' mebbe that's what it is, but f'r me I don't want to see real life on th' stage. I can see that anny day. What I want is f'r th' spotless gintleman to saw th' la-ad with th' cigareet into two-be-fours an' marry th' lady that doesn't dhrink much while th' aujeence is puttin' on their coats."

"Why don't they play Shakspere anny more?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"I undherstand," said Mr. Dooley, "that they're goin' to dhramatize Shakspere whin th' dhramatizer gets through with th' 'Report iv th' Cinsus Department f'r 1899-1900.'"

F. P. DUNNE.

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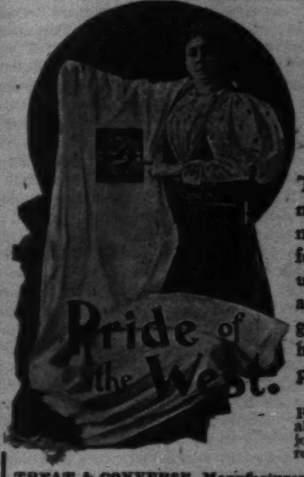
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THE PROGRESS of the CAMPAIGN

THE managers of both of the great political parties have been confronted during the campaign thus far with a feeling of apathy. Earnest effort has been made to secure the removal of this feeling, and the campaigns that are being made by Governor Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan have done much towards stirring up enthusiasm among the voters. Practically the last of the preliminary stages of campaign work has been accomplished. Letters of acceptance by Mr. Bryan and Governor Roosevelt have appeared, and there remains now only the letter of Mr. Stevenson to finish up that branch of campaign work.

Mr. Bryan's letter formally accepting the Democratic nomination appeared on Tuesday, September 18. It was a much shorter letter than was expected, and was confined chiefly to a discussion of the Trust question, and to a reiteration of the candidate's well-known views regarding Free Silver coinage. There was practically no discussion of the "paramount issue," Imperialism. Mr. Bryan put that topic aside with the remark that he had devoted so much of his Indianapolis speech of acceptance to it that it was unnecessary to go into it further. His political enemies, however, charged that he subordinated Imperialism and brought Free Silver and Trusts to the front because the exigencies of the campaign demanded such a change. Mr. Bryan's friends asserted that the prominence given to these issues, which had been in the background during the campaign thus far, was due to a well-conceived plan of discussing every issue of importance in the Democratic platform.

Governor Roosevelt's letter, which appeared a day or two before Mr. Bryan's, was characterized by the rugged English and earnest style that are usually displayed in his writings. He asserted that the principles of the Kansas City platform meant reaction and disorder, financial chaos, the dishonor of the flag, and an unworthy surrender of national rights. He drew a parallel between expansion under Jefferson and McKinley, and declared that similar conditions prevailed in each case. He said it was absurd to talk of Imperialism as an issue, and insisted that Militarism was a bogey.

* * *

THE activity of Mr. Bryan on the stump bids fair to rival his activity in 1896. Since his excursion to West Virginia, early in September, he has been speaking in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, and Missouri. Now he is taking a short rest at home. He has spoken on a variety of topics, ranging from the familiar speech on Imperialism and Militarism to a talk in St. Louis before commercial travellers on the pernicious influence of Trusts and their effect upon the young man's chances in business. Mr. Bryan has been greeted by enormous audiences, and has spoken as early as five o'clock in the morning. He has travelled all hours of the day and night, and has been deprived of the ordinary comfort of sleep at regular hours. His wonderful physique, however, seems equal to the demands made upon it, and he is reported to be in good physical condition. His opponents assert that he has been using the arts of the demagogue in many of his addresses, and point to one speech last week in Kansas in which he said that the Republican party made it possible for aristocrats to spend their summers at the sea-shore at the expense of farmers and laboring-men.

Mr. Bryan's opponents also objected to some of his statements and insinuations in his St. Louis speech on September 15 before the commercial travellers. Mr. Bryan took for a text the inquiry of David, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" He asked if a young man of this country was safe "when national banks control the volume of money with which he does business," "when he is liable to be deprived of a trial by jury through the system known as government by injunction," "when he is denied the protection of arbitration, and compelled to submit to such hours and terms as a corporate employer may propose," "when the bond-holding class determines the size of the national debt upon which he must help to pay interest," and "when by means of taxes laid almost entirely upon consumption he is compelled to contribute according to his wants rather than according to his possessions."

Mr. Bryan is to invade the "enemy's country" again about the middle of October, and is billed for a speech in Madison Square Garden under the direct patronage of Tammany Hall. It is an open secret that the national patronage has been promised to Tammany Hall in case of Mr. Bryan's success in November, and it is asserted that Tammany Hall will see that he obtains an appreciative audience this time, one that will not leave the building, as was the case in 1896, when, owing to the intense heat and the technical character of his address, the larger part of Mr. Bryan's audience in Madison Square Garden did not remain to hear him finish.

* * *

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT seems to be having a fine old time in the far West in his campaign. Of course, enormous crowds have greeted him, owing to the peculiar circumstances under which he is a candidate, and owing to his former relations with the open-hearted, wide-awake, and rugged men of the cattle and mountain countries in the Northwest. Governor Roosevelt has spoken in the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, and Utah. He has left the train on more than one occasion for an exhilarating gallop across the prairies, he has plunged into some of the invigorating baths of the Northwestern country, he has shaken hands with many of his old friends of the hunt—Bill this and Tom that—and between the stations he has refreshed himself mentally by reading profound essays on various topics, such as the campaigns of Hannibal, and questions of metaphysical and psychological importance. His voice broke on Saturday, September 15, but he gave it a rest over Sunday, and it was soon restored to its normal vigor. Governor Roosevelt has made what politicians call a "dead set" for Mr. Bryan and his theories regarding Imperialism and Militarism. The Republican managers assert with a good deal of confidence that Governor Roosevelt is winning votes by the thousands, and they are hopeful of carrying practically every State in the Northwest, with the possible exception of Utah, into which he has gone.

* * *

PRESIDENT McKINLEY continues to play the consistent part which every President who has been a candidate for re-election has acted during the campaign, and has refused to assume an active share in the election matters. The President was indisposed for two days at his home in Canton, but the absolute rest he secured there brought him around promptly, and he left for a brief trip to Washington to clear away the accumulated business resulting from the complications in China principally. He will return to Canton again, and will probably remain there in dignified retirement during the rest of the campaign.

* * *

IN New York State Mr. Croker continues to add to the entertainment of the campaign. Senator Platt, who sometimes has been suspected of being something of a "sly old dog," recently gave out an interview to the effect that the large campaign fund which Tammany Hall has secured, and with which Mr. Croker is decorating the streets of the metropolis with scores of Bryan and Stevenson banners, was raised by assessments from brothels, gambling-houses, and saloons. Mr. Croker rose to the fly at once, and made this statement:

"If Senator Platt made the charge which he is quoted as making he is an old liar. I brand him as a liar if he said that. He knows, too, that he is a liar, and cannot prove a word of what he has said. I defy him to prove that Tammany Hall has assessed any saloon or any resort of any kind."

Meantime the Republicans smile and point to the wide-open town of New York, and declare that it could not exist unless it paid the money to Tammany Hall for protection.

Mr. Croker has also felt himself called upon to make some explanatory remarks regarding the so-called Tammany Ice Trust. He has declared that Tammany Hall is not responsible for that trust, and that a wicked Republican is the president of the organization. He has asserted that all trusts are a menace to the country, and, possibly to explain why so many Tammany men are interested in the Ice Trust, he has said:

"A man can be in a trust and not approve of trusts. Look at Andrew Carnegie. He is the head of one of the biggest trusts, but he knows they are wrong, and he is against them."

Mr. Croker said that he had sold his Ice Trust stock, but when it got down to 25 he thought he might buy again, if it was a good investment. He closed the interview, however, by insisting that all trusts were a bad thing.

The Ice Trust, however, continues to be a lively topic in the political campaign, especially in New York State. At the recent Democratic State Convention in Saratoga Professor Duncan C. Lee, of Cornell, introduced a resolution condemning the Ice Trust, and demanding that the Republican Attorney-General of the State, John C. Davies, proceed with all despatch against it in a legal way to crush it. That resolution was modified in the convention, but it stirred up Attorney-General Davies, and he has written a letter to Professor Lee, showing every step that he has taken thus far in the Ice Trust litigation, and proving beyond any possibility of dispute that he has acted with the utmost urgency, and that the inference in Professor Lee's resolution that he was dilatory was entirely unfounded.

Mr. Croker seems to have accepted the theory that he is responsible for the success of his Democratic ticket in New York State this year. On September 15 he made his first visit to the Democratic State headquarters in New York city, and it was given out that he would practically abandon his own headquarters at the Hoffman House. It was also announced that he would place at the disposal of the State Committee a large proportion of the Tammany campaign fund. Mr. Croker also had a long talk with Senator Jones, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and it was announced that harmony would reign in the Democratic party in New York State, with the possible exception that Mr. Croker could not and would not forgive David B. Hill.

* * *

THE time has arrived when campaign betting has begun to attract public attention. In the betting thus far Richard Croker has been the central figure. It is announced that he has wagered $80,000 to $225,000 that Mr. Bryan would be elected. Some of these bets of Mr. Croker's, it is declared, were in $20,000 batches. It is not known definitely whether he was betting his own money, but the presumption is that it was his own. Mr. Croker has become very prosperous since the return of Tammany Hall to power.

In some quarters there is a disposition to question the sincerity of Mr. Croker's bets, and there is a hint that there is something of a book-maker's trick in this series of wagers. It is even hinted that the whole game is simply a book-maker's gamble, and that, inasmuch as many of Mr. Croker's intimate friends are supposed to have close relations with various wealthy book-makers, it was not difficult to arrange this betting with very small risk to Mr. Croker himself, while at the same time he could receive whatever benefit public notoriety in the matter might bring to him and to Tammany Hall. It has been pointed out that if the odds should fall, as they generally do just before the election, Mr. Croker and his friends could quietly turn around and bet the other way, and make money no matter how the election might go. Mr. Croker's enemies say that the temptation to make money for himself would be too strong for the ordinary man to resist, and they wink mysteriously when mention is made of Mr. Croker's $80,000 bets.

There is no question but that the betting has some influence in a national campaign. Both political parties from time to time have indulged in a game of sending out enormous bunches to bet a day or two before election, but this is probably the first time that it has been given out that so large a sum as $80,000 against $225,000 has been wagered more than six weeks ahead of the actual voting. This extended lapse of time before election has served to cast suspicion upon the whole transaction in many minds. The prevailing odds in betting at the time of this writing seem to be about two and a half to one upon McKinley. That they will come down to about eight to five just before the election seems also to be the general opinion. If they do drop to those figures, and the betting is lively, and Mr. Croker seems disposed to take advantage of it, Mr. Croker can make a handsome profit of his wagers by obtaining a "sure thing" no matter how the election may go.

* * *

THE national campaign assumed somewhat of a lively aspect in New York city on September 14, when the Republicans held four monster meetings at one time in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. There was an enormous attendance at each meeting, and plenty of enthusiasm. Among the speakers were Senator Lodge, Postmaster-General Smith, President Schurman of Cornell, former Minister to Spain Stewart L. Woodford, John S. Wise, Congressman Payne, and others. The undertaking of holding four meetings at one time by the Republicans in New York city was regarded as one of doubtful expediency. But the result justified the work, and the Republican managers asserted that they felt very much encouraged.

The campaign in other States, outside of those which are being visited by Colonel Bryan and Governor Roosevelt, has not seemed to be especially lively, with the possible exception of Missouri, where the Republican candidate, Joseph Slory, is making an exceedingly lively campaign. He has been railroad commissioner of the State for some time, and is campaigning on a hand-car, and is dressed in a red shirt and high top-boots. Mr. Slory, whenever he has been on the stump in Missouri and has run for office, has always reduced the Democratic majority noticeably, and the Republicans assert with some confidence that they hope to carry the State of Missouri. There is more confidence, however, by the Republicans that they will carry most of the far Western States, and they even assert that all their returns from Nebraska are to the effect that Mr. Bryan will have great difficulty in carrying his own State. The Republican managers say that certainly Kansas, Wyoming, Idaho, and the Dakotas will go Republican, and that they are hopeful of Montana and Colorado. That would leave Utah and Nebraska as practically the only States for Mr. Bryan in the far West. In the East the Republicans are asserting with a good deal of confidence that they will carry Maryland and Delaware and West Virginia. On the other hand, Mr. Croker, in whose ante-election statements many people place justifiable confidence, has asserted that he really believes that Mr. Bryan will carry New York State. Mr. Croker's statements regarding elections have usually turned out to be correct, and his assertion that Bryan had a fighting chance in New York State has alarmed many Republicans. Chairman Hanna, of the Republican National Committee, has said in his speech in Chicago that the Republicans must not be too sure of carrying New York State. To offset this it is asserted that well-known Democrats from about fifteen States met Chairman Jones, of the Democratic National Committee, in New York on September 14, for a protracted conference on the situation, and that it was acknowledged at that meeting that New York State, West Virginia, Kansas, and Washington would be carried by McKinley, and that the only fighting-ground available for the Democrats was in the middle West, in Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky.

THE CHARACTER OF VOLUNTEERS

THE age of romantic military expeditions seemed to have come back once more when a regiment of volunteer soldiers from the State of Kansas had certain experiences in the Philippine Islands. So desirable I thought it to get a draught of this experience from the source, rather than any derivative "channel of information" whatever, that I appealed directly to the commanding officer, Colonel Wilder S. Metcalf, brevet brigadier-general, U.S.V. What follows, in so far as it relates to the Twentieth Kansas, is based upon Colonel Metcalf's reply to my letter.

The regiment was composed largely of very young men—students at the various high-schools of the eastern part of the State, at the Kansas State University, the State Agricultural College, State Normal School, and other institutions of learning. Clerks and mechanics there were also, and young lawyers and farmers' sons: not a single one of them who did not sign his own name to the muster and pay-rolls, while the majority, we are assured, would not sign anything blindly, so well instructed were they, as constant readers of the periodicals and newspapers, on all those topics which an American citizen takes pride in studying—and a very wide range of subjects it is! "There was hardly a man in the regiment who had not, for example, clear and intelligent ideas about the Spanish-American war and the Philippine Islands and their people, and the relations and duties of the United States in it all; hardly a man in the regiment but could express his ideas clearly and forcibly and intelligently either on paper or by word of mouth." We draw back a little at this statement, not realizing for an instant that the Philippine question has grown vast and complex during the last two years. It was a comparatively simple matter at the time referred to, when young men in Kansas mastered the rudiments of the subject so easily, like the science of astronomy before the invention of the telescope; but does not the fact that such an assertion may be made suggest a high average of intelligence in the rank and file? Fancy a whole army composed of men who knew what they were fighting for! Of these exceptional soldiers it was said, too, that they submitted themselves voluntarily to discipline, and enlisted themselves in the service not for livelihood, not for glory, but for pure love of country, to fight for a principle. If their motives were less noble than this, then Colonel Metcalf's observation was at fault; it is quite impossible to question his sincerity.

At Manila this regiment's quality was shown the moment it was put to the test. When the alarm came, on the evening of February 4, 1899, the officers who hurried to reach their companies found that the men were up, dressed, provided with rifle, ammunition, and canteen of water, and ready to fall in without an instant's delay. "There were not more than four or five officers or men who had ever been under fire before; nevertheless the entire regiment rose up as one man and marched quietly and cheerfully to their posts. The sick got up from their beds to go along; those ordered to stay in barracks to guard and protect government property begged and implored to be sent to the front." Lest this should seem the courage which, born of ignorance, so seldom outlives its parent, my correspondent adds: "In all the hard, continuous fighting, when for five long months hardly six consecutive hours were passed without the regiment being under fire; when every sense was on the alert, when every nerve was held at high tension for every moment of the day and night, till muscles and nerves began to give way under the constant strain—in it all and through it all the regiment developed but two or three cowards."

Six days after the outbreak our soldiers took the town of Caloocan, north of Manila, and this forward movement was so much to the taste of the Twentieth Kansas that, as John Bass says, "I believe they would still be going if orders had not come to stop." But the fate that held them in or near Caloocan for so long a time can hardly be called altogether cruel, for at least two of the happenings during that period pleasantly relieve monotonous accounts of the capture and defence of trenches. I see no reason why they should not always be given a place in Philippine history.

In Caloocan are located the shops of the Manila and Dagúpan Railroad Company, and although the insurgents, on leaving the town, took away with them the best of the rolling-stock, six disabled engines were left in the shops. Here, accordingly, the mechanical talent in the regiment found its opportunity. As the Twentieth Kansas, shouting "On to Malolos!" dashed by, about half past five or six o'clock in the afternoon of February 10, Corporal John Haisch, of A Company, in accordance with a prearranged plan, fell out of his place, and so did a dozen others. All were practical railroad men. They entered the shops, rekindled the smouldering fires, and went to work immediately upon those engines. By two o'clock the next morning one of the engines was on the track, with steam up, ready to go to the city of Manila, and at daybreak a train of cars, manned by these Kansans, made the trip to the capital, returning with supplies and ammunition. From that day to this Corporal Haisch (promoted to the grade of first lieutenant, U.S.V.) has acted as superintendent and general manager of the Manila and Dagúpan Railroad, and, according to the last reports, was running daily trains the entire length of the road. The other employees, both in the shops and on the trains, were largely drawn from the Twentieth Kansas.

The second episode referred to has a quality that is quite priceless in historical narration, for, however simple the language you may use, with no design beyond that of stating the mere fact, a picture—and a rare one—will rise in the imagination. Colonel Metcalf describes the wide semicircle that our lines formed about Manila after the battle of Caloocan, and the irksomeness of their position to the men of the Second Division, which included his regiment—held on these lines, without important movement of any kind, from February 11 until March 24. "During all this time the division was subjected to a very severe fire from the insurgents along their entire front, distant from three hundred to fifteen or eighteen hundred yards." Under both infantry and artillery fire by night as well as by day, the Twentieth Kansas was losing many men. All therefore welcomed the diversion when the band was ordered from Manila. The musicians, taking up their quarters at a convenient point half a mile back of the line, would "come down to the trenches each evening and play several pieces, to the great delight of the boys of the regiment and to the evident enjoyment of our friends, the enemy, in our front. The last piece on the programme was always 'The Star-spangled Banner,' during which our regiment was accustomed to stand and uncover. We expected, when we first attempted this, that the insurgents would shoot, but they finally became as patriotic as ourselves, and would also rise and uncover during the playing of the national hymn. One beautiful moonlight evening, when our trumpets were sounding tattoo and taps from one end of the line to the other, an insurgent trumpeter equipped with a keyed instrument rendered most magnificent music, to the great delight of both armies. After indulging in all sorts of trills and runs, he finally struck into several tunes with which we were very familiar, but which we had no expectation of hearing in such circumstances. 'Stand up for Jesus,' 'Hold the Fort,' and 'Marching through Georgia' were among the familiar tunes which we heard rendered that evening by the dusky trumpeter."

When the forces that make for harmonious action between the natives and the Americans are set off against the dissimilar modes of thought and action—as they will be when violent partisanship yields to deliberate study of the situation—we shall do well to take into the account what Dryden called "the power of music."

At the crossing of the Rio Grande, a month after Kansas band and unnamed Filipino trumpeter had ended their concerts, members of this regiment took their full share in stirring events that are more familiar to my readers. Here Corporal Ferguson crawled and climbed across the long dismantled railroad bridge, in the endeavor to find a way for the troops to reach the opposite bank, when a misstep would have made him the target for a thousand rifles. Here Edward White and William Trembly, of B Company, swam the river, carrying a rope which was to enable Funston and forty-five other Kansans to cross on bamboo rafts—the two naked and unarmed men attaching this ferry-rope to the supports of the insurgent trenches, as no more convenient object was found, and throwing mud balls at the amazed enemy.

Colonel Metcalf thinks it worthy of mention that men so young as those of his command imposed restraint upon themselves when their officers thought the time had arrived for relaxing discipline. The transport *Tartar*, taking them back to San Francisco, reached Hong-kong September 6. There "the entire regiment was given shore leave with almost no restrictions, and, owing to various complications, nearly eight days were spent in Hong-kong Harbor, the regiment being ashore almost all that time. Very much to the surprise of the city of Hong-kong, the men of the regiment showed themselves to be gentlemen as well as soldiers, and, so far as known, no member of the regiment was spoken to reprovingly by a policeman during our stay." And he adds significantly that, at the time of sailing from Manila, every officer and man had just received two months' pay in good United States gold.

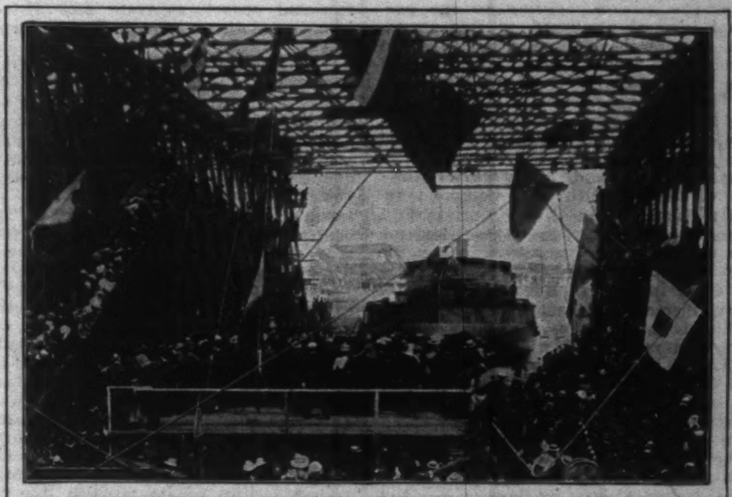
Finally, at the end of an experience which we should call wonderful if it were not of our own day, "the boys returned to their school-books, to the stores and offices, to the shops and the farms of the State. They have taken up the duties of citizenship and the ways of peace as quietly and as earnestly as they became soldiers at their country's call."

But if we would realize the interest of the expedition as a whole, we must not overlook the companionship of similar organizations in the far East. There at the same time were the men from Idaho who had made the voyage across the Pacific on a floating furnace—for the coal in their troop-ship's hold became ignited in some unexplained way, and, because of its burning more on one side than on the other, the poor *Morgan City* labored along almost on the port beam-ends. Looking to starboard through a dead-light one could see only the blue vault of heaven; looking to port, one seemed to be ploughing through and into the ocean, rather than over it. These were the mountaineers who roared with laughter at sight of some of their comrades floundering through a muddy stream, though they were at the moment advancing by rushes in the brilliant charge that won the day in their first battle—the men who could not hear the bugler sound "Halt!"—the men who rose to an emergency with such an old-fashioned sense of personal responsibility that, as even the Idaho's junior major writes me, "Each one became a host." There was the gallant Nebraska regiment, so ready to take upon itself the hardest of the fighting that the mere appearance of their colonel on the field was the signal for a charge. In Minnesota's ranks and in Oregon's were men like our old favorite characters in Cooper's novels, such as the silent, fearless Harrington, who fell near San Isidro. California, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Iowa, Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and Washington—each of these States was represented in the volunteer forces serving under General Otis. I cannot say that each one of these organizations was wholly fortunate in its Philippine experiences: one or two of them showed unsteadiness at critical moments, especially during the first month or so after landing at Manila—a fault which is commonly associated with inexperience, and which, by-the-way, the Thirteenth Regular Infantry exemplified much more strikingly in the campaign of June, 1899. Nevertheless the characterization that has been given of the Twentieth Kansas is offered as that of a representative or typical body of American volunteer soldiers in the Philippines at the beginning of the insurrection.

We know the creditable record of these men, among whom were so many who entered the service "not for livelihood, not for glory, but for pure love of country," and who, when their task was finished, "took up the duties of citizenship quietly and earnestly"; but have we as yet looked closely enough at the excellent membership of the volunteer organizations? When seeking the true explanation of their success, have we found it in the character and education of privates as well as officers, and do we fully realize the bearing of this consideration upon the problem of recruiting for that larger force which now seems indispensable? If its mission in the world is to be accomplished with credit—if the nation which sends it out is to win honor, and not to incur disgrace, through its deeds—our army must not only be an effective force in the field, but in all relations of life it must be held to conformity with a high standard of conduct. The plain lesson of the volunteers' experience is that the character of the men selected is of the utmost importance.

Finally, a word may be addressed to those who have recently been engaged in an attempt which I hope is not altogether congenial—that of despoiling the volunteers of their laurels on the ground that they desecrated Filipino churches. It is impossible to assume that such critics have taken pains to familiarize themselves with the history of the Roman Catholic Church in the archipelago. From the end of the sixteenth century until the present day, through all the cruel warfare of Mohammedan against Christian, southern islands against central and northern islands, the Moros against the Spaniards and native Christians, priests, taking the field in person, have been the most aggressive leaders of the northern forces, while their churches have been centres of attack and defence. During three centuries there has never been a time when these edifices did not bear the double character of churches and forts. The use to which they were to be put by the insurgents was revealed in the most startling fashion when hostilities began; more or less reluctantly the local view was adopted by our troops, to the extent that was obviously and imperatively necessary. I have written of this more fully in another place; my object at present is, of course, not to condone any act of vandalism, but to suggest that a definition of terms should precede discussions which take us into a field where "church" and "priest, or friar," have not quite the meaning that we usually attach to these words.

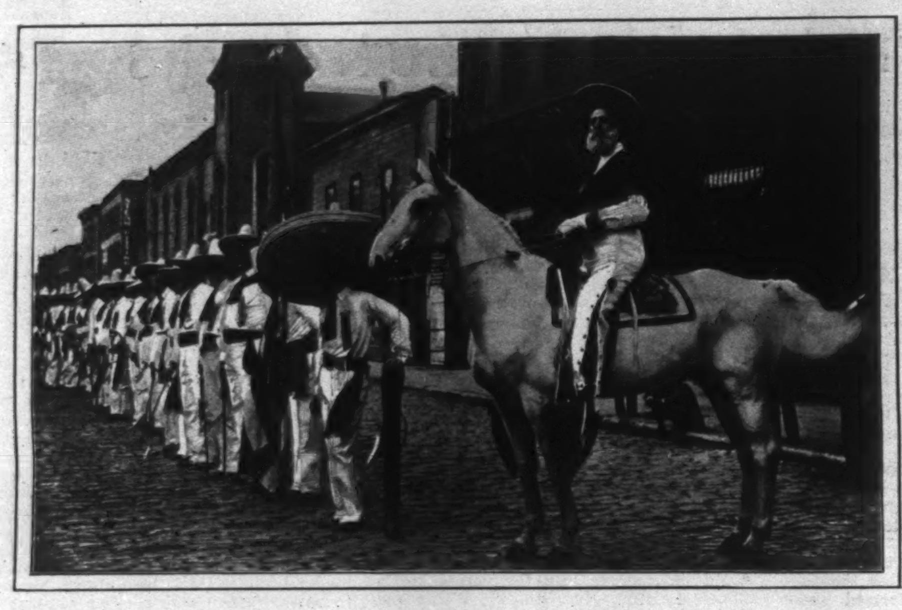
MARRION WILCOX.



Launching of the Monitor "Wyoming"

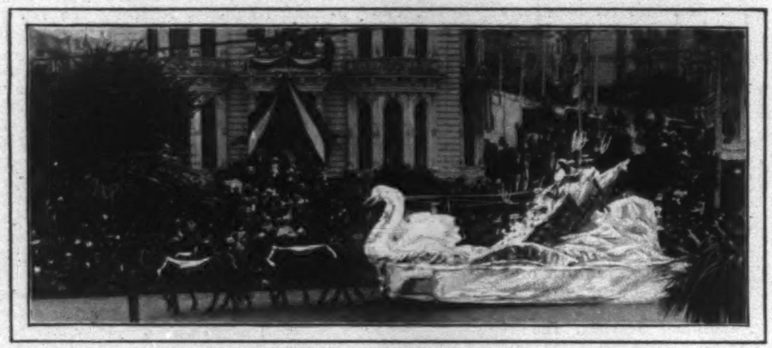
THE first event in the jubilee celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the admission of California to the Union (of which there are some additional illustrations on page 926) was the launching of the United States monitor *Wyoming* at the Union Iron Works, September 7, in the presence of thousands. The ship was simply a huge steel hulk, painted red, and gayly trimmed with flags, but the launching was impressive. Miss Frances H. Warren, of Wyoming, broke the traditional bottle over her bow, and named this last addition to Uncle Sam's navy. As the revolving iron machine, called the trip shore, cut away the last block, the huge steel craft, weighing more than two and a half million pounds, slid down the ways, and with a mighty splash entered the water, while the band from the U. S. S. *Iowa* played the national anthem, and the great crowd cheered.

The *Wyoming* has some novelties in construction which make her noteworthy. She is one of four steel monitors authorized by Congress in 1898 for coast defence. She is 252 feet on the water-line, and maximum beam of 50 feet. Great pains have been taken to make the hull invulnerable. The chief novelty is that the surface of the turret is inclined, and that the crew will be berthed on deck in a superstructure. Every device has been used to secure good air below. The armor is twelve inches abreast of the boilers. Her engines are of 2400 horse-power, and she is expected to make twelve knots.

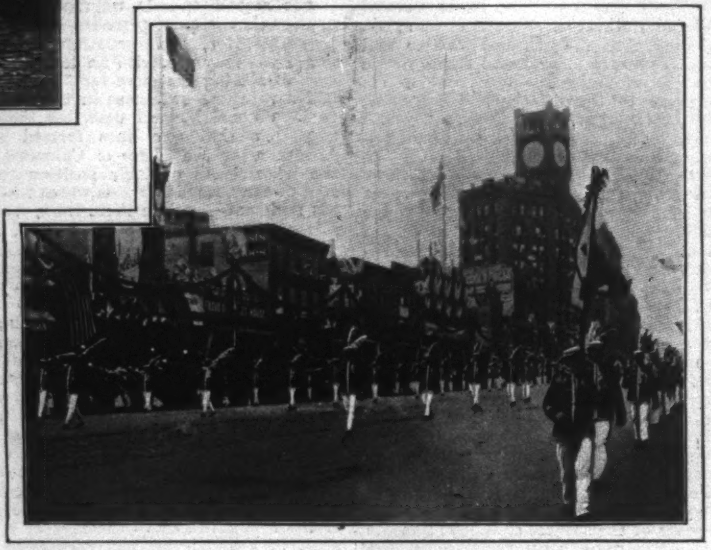


THE SPANISH-AMERICAN CABALLEROS.

ILLUMINATION OF MARKET STREET.



THE SAN JOSÉ FLOAT.

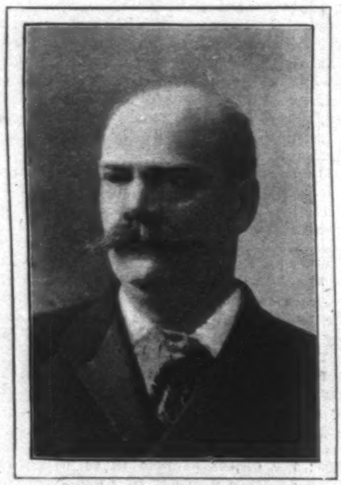


THE PARADE IN MARKET STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO'S JUBILEE CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ADMISSION OF CALIFORNIA INTO THE UNION.

New York University and Practical Economics

THE cause of higher commercial education may be said to have been first taken seriously throughout the United States upon the appearance, about seven years ago, of a report of Professor Edmund James, who, at the invitation of the American Bankers' Association, had visited the leading European schools of commerce and made a personal investigation of their organization and work, having been chosen for this mission as the principal authority on the subject in this country and the exponent of a comprehensive course of commercial study already pursued in the Wharton School of Finance and Economy under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania. This report, which was reprinted by our general government, showed that while for years our popular notion of a commercial or business college had been represented by almost any institution in which a boy or girl might take a few lessons in bookkeeping, stenography, or typewriting, all the great nations of Europe, except England, and with Germany far in their lead, had been raising up and sending abroad into all the commercial world generations of young men fundamentally and thoroughly instructed in financial and mercantile science. Owing to the surprised interest awakened by this revelation, we now have, besides the Wharton foundation, departments of commercial education in the University of Chicago, the University of Wisconsin, and the University of California. Moreover, it is remarked that some of the studies embraced in their curriculum are represented in Harvard, Yale, and other universities; and of these institutions, Columbia recently offered to set off or to originate a special department of commercial instruction on condition of a subvention by the New York Chamber of Commerce. Meanwhile the interest in Europe, now partly reflex, increases; Great Britain begins to realize her deficiency, the Continent is more and more thickly dotted with secondary and higher schools of commerce, and Germany, still in the van, has opened, in Leipsic, the first commercial university.

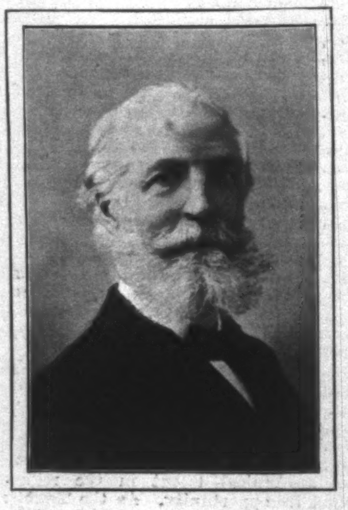


CHARLES WALDO HASKINS.

In connection with this movement, and technically a step in advance of any action as yet taken by these great educational bodies, at least by those on this side of the Atlantic, the establishment of a strictly professional college, to be known as the School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance, is now announced by New York University. Pedagogically, a college of accountancy and economic administration, considered as a centre of professional education, will stand one remove in advance of the schools or departments already mentioned; but Chancellor MacCracken, with a modesty becoming the sponsor of so important a pioneer undertaking, says merely that it differs. "This school," he writes in his announcement, "differs from the several schools of finance or commerce recently established by prominent universities in America in that its entire instruction is intended to be professional in character." Further emphasizing the place of the new school in the modern system of education, he explained, in a recent interview: "In various institutions there are departments that teach subjects similar to those we plan to have in the new school; but in every case these departments are parts of the collegiate course. We propose to make ours a professional school, separate and distinct, just as are the courses in law and medicine."

Two distinct yet correlated professions, evolved in the development of modern business conditions, and already as such familiar to the public apprehension, are described in the Chancellor's announcement, that of accountancy and that of administration. And it was to meet the twofold demand for the education, professional in the academic sense, of those who are to be our future public accountants, and of those who shall be in various degrees our administrators of affairs, that "the council of the university decided to establish the school on a broad basis of advanced instruction in accounting, commercial law, and economic science, and to name the institution the New York University School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance."

Accountancy has been for some years a recognized calling of great and growing importance, both in Great Britain and in the United States; and the complicated responsibilities of its position, the vast issues at stake in the discharge of these responsibilities, and other worthy considerations, have long indicated its true plane in the commercial and financial world as that of a learned profession. Unaided by university, parliament, or legislature, it has achieved a creditable record on both sides of the water; but its educational ventures have demonstrated the necessity of university supervision, while at the same time its peculiar relation to the equipoise of business confidence has clearly shown that for its own and the public good the profession itself ought to be under State regulation. Under the legislative act of 1896 "to regulate the profession of public accountants," in which New York took the initiative in the safeguarding of this important calling, the regents founded, for applicants of twenty-five years of age, of good moral character, and who have had three years' experience in the practice of accounting, including one year in the office of an expert accountant, an examination in the theory of accounts, in practical accounting, in auditing, and in commercial law; upon passing which examination a certificate is issued of qualification to practise as a certified public accountant, with exclusive right to use the professional initials C.P.A. This legal action, taken at the request of the profession itself, raised the standard of qualification and necessitated more imperatively the establishment of a college of accountancy under the auspices of one or another of our great administrative educational faculties; and Charles Waldo Haskins, as president of the board of examiners and of the New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants, and in close friendly touch with the entire profession at home and abroad, was requested to confer with leading educators with a



HENRY MITCHELL MacCRACKEN.

view to the founding of facilities for the pursuit of professional study in this department of higher commercial education. This much of the initial history of the first university college of its kind in the world will justify the ascription of the chancellor that its origin is "immediately due to enthusiastic action on the part of the professional accountants of the State of New York."

Now it so happened that Chancellor MacCracken, in his last annual report, had called the attention of the council to the fact that New York University would be seventy years of age in October, 1900, and had suggested the celebration of this septuagesimal by some worthy and characteristic memorial of the advent of the twentieth century. So that when these two strangers met it may be said in a very significant sense that they had been looking for each other. Our daily papers have called attention to the seven existing schools of the university—the college, the graduate, medical and law schools, the schools of pedagogy and of applied science, and the veterinary college—as together roughly representing the seven decades of its corporate life, and have prettily remarked that this eighth foundation fitly represents the new decade and the beginning of the new century. The proposition was canvassed in all its bearings, and, when laid before the council, was reconsidered for some months within ever-widening circles of definition, until the plan included the studies professionally indicated in the title School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance.

Of the calling correlative to accountancy, and recognized as a profession in the organization of the new department of the university, the printed announcement says: "Coincident with the imperative and increasingly urgent demand for adequate education in all branches of the higher accountancy there is being developed, by the multiplying exigencies of modern business, an important calling coming to be known as the profession of administration; a profession represented by men of affairs whose bent of mind and whose studies and experience fit them to grasp, in all its fulness and in all its parts and ramifications, any enterprise, of whatsoever kind, in the world of trade and commerce, and to take full charge of the venture and carry it forward to a successful issue. The administrator, the man of signal executive ability, handles the reins of a multifarious business on comprehensive principles; principles which are to him of more importance than the knowledge of technical details possessed by his subordinates, however valuable this knowledge may also be to him as accessory to his administrative capacity. From these leaders of affairs in the world of commerce and finance—for themselves as proprietors and managers, and for their assistants who are to succeed them in control of business—has come the present universal appeal to professional educators for university instruction in the sciences immediately connected with practical life." And again: "Not only administrators of affairs, but, in due proportion, their assistants, ought each to understand the philosophy as well as the art of his calling, and be able intelligently to adapt himself and his work to the exigencies of the commercial and financial world."

The school will be located in the new University Building on Washington Square, and will open October 1, 1900. The hours of study, to permit the attendance of young men engaged in financial and commercial houses or at work in other departments of education during the day, will be from eight to ten in the evening; and the course, which is intended to lead to the C.P.A. certificate or to the degree of Bachelor of Commercial Science—B.C.S.—or both, will be of two years' duration. The faculty consists of Chancellor MacCracken, President Haskins as dean of the school, Dean Ashley of the law-school, President Sprague of the Union Dime Savings Bank, Comptroller Lafrentz of the American Surety Company, Editor Kittredge of *Accountics*, Secretary Brummer of the New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants, and Auditor Cook of the New York Board of Education, as professors of various branches of accountancy, Registrar Tompkins and Professors Kenneson, Erwin, Rounds, and Opdyke in law; Professor Bogart in public finance and banking; Professor Aymar as lecturer on insurance; and four others, in administration, economic geography and statistics, domestic commerce, and foreign commerce, not yet announced. The method of instruction will at first be largely by lectures, especially in accountancy, owing to the paucity of text-books in the English language and adapted to American use. It is hoped, however, that the demand for educational authorship caused by this deficiency will create its own supply; and it is confidently predicted that the School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance of New York University will demonstrate in the character of efficiency of its alumni that business is a science and that the higher accountancy is worthy of the position accorded to it as one of the learned professions.

CHARLES WALDO HASKINS.

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FINANCE

BY A. K. FISKE

ANOTHER foreign loan has been placed in New York. This time it is an issue of four-per-cent. treasury notes of the German government, with four and five years to run, amounting to 80,000,000 marks, or about $20,000,000, the whole of which was placed before the American public by the bankers of Berlin and New York and subscribed to with avidity as an investment. It was purely a business transaction and not a device for drawing gold, as was the allotment recently of a part of the British Exchequer three-per-cents. It signifies that the accumulation of capital here and the consequent low rates for money have reached a point at which we are able to lend to European governments or to large corporations abroad under present conditions to better advantage than their own capitalists.

For many years the United States was a borrowing nation, and not only were government bonds sold abroad, but American corporate securities were held there in large volume, and foreign capital sought investment here in many industrial enterprises which were developing and yielding large profits. This went on while rates of interest were high and we were short of working capital, until there was a vast accumulation of American indebtedness in Europe, which absorbed in payments of interest and dividends the proceeds of our excess of exports over imports. It used up what was known as the balance of trade in our favor, which in fact it also created.

The balance of trade has increased to enormous proportions in the last three years, averaging considerably more than $500,000,000 a year, and with that we have been paying our debts and buying back our securities. At the same time we have been accumulating capital at home until interest rates on absolute security are down to three per cent. or less, and steady five-per-cent. profits in business are regarded as good. How much we still have to pay on the other side cannot be approximately estimated, but events are showing that out of our excess of exports we can now buy the best foreign securities and loan money to the governments of Europe, for no gold went abroad on the German notes, but the settlements are made through the commercial exchanges. If gold is drawn to Berlin it will go from London, not New York.

One result was to absorb a considerable volume of foreign exchange, created by shipments of cotton, wheat, and other merchandise, and to produce a distinct hardening of the rates. A Swedish loan of $10,000,000 has also been seeking a market here, and such incidents account for the fact that we are not importing gold. The movement at this season is usually in this direction, but we are not in need of gold while we have surplus capital seeking investment.

Money has begun to move in considerable volume from the New York banks to the South and West, to be used in "moving the crops." This movement began later than usual this year and is somewhat lighter, which is accounted for in part by the increased volume of bank currency in other parts of the country, which in some measure meets the local needs in the exchanges produced by the crop movement. Though the bank reserves have been drawn down considerably, the surplus of about $20,000,000 above the legal requirement is the largest in five years. For two or three years prior to the present it was very low, but the demands of the interior for currency were then much heavier and bank funds were also in more active use at home.

The rates for money are but slightly affected by the drain. Rates have hardened a little and the demand for discounts has increased to a small extent, but the expected awakening is slow to come. For this politics may be somewhat accountable, for people are disposed to wait while there is any uncertainty in the future affecting the finances of the country.

There is still some agitation in the cotton-market, and some difficulty in so adjusting the meagre supply of available material to the demand as to steady the price. The prices of finished goods do not respond readily to the advance in raw material, and mills are shutting down in Manchester and Fall River, while brokers speculate in ten-cent cotton. The iron and steel situation is still unsettled, and a new cause of disquietude appears in the strike of coal-miners throughout the anthracite region.

No significant incident is to be chronicled at the European money centres. London still works along laboriously under the draft of war expenses and treasury borrowings and payings, looking for the reopening of the Rand mines for a new gold supply now that the South-African war is practically over.